

1515 THE  
BLOODY  
BROTHER.

A Tragedy.

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By B. F. F.

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L O N D O N,

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of the Greyhound 1639.



The drinking Song, to the  
second Act.

*Drink to day and drowne all sorrow,  
You shall perhaps not doe it to morrow.  
Best while you have it use your breath,  
There is no drinking after death.*

*Wine works the heart up, makes the wit,  
There is no cure gainst age but it.  
It helps the head-ach, cough and tiffick,  
And is for all diseases Physick.*

*Then let us swill boyes for our health,  
Who drinks well, loves the common wealth.  
And he that will to bed goe sober,  
Falls with the leafe still in October.*

*Finis.*





# THE BLOODY BROTHER.

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## Act I. Scene I.

Enter *Gisbert* and *Baldwin*.



He brothers then are met?

*Gis.* They are, sir.

*Bald.* 'Tis thought, they may be reconcil'd.

*Gis.* 'Tis rather wish't, for such, whose reason  
doth direct their thoughts without selfe flattery,  
dare not hope it, *Baldwin*.

The fires of Love, which the dead Duke believ'd  
His equall care of both would have united,  
Ambition hath divided: and there are  
Too many on both parts, that know they cannot  
Or rise to wealth or honour, their maine ends,  
Unlesse the tempest of the Princes fury  
Make troubled seas, and those seas yeeld fit billowes  
In their bad arts to give way to a calme,

B

Which



## *The Bloody Brother.*

Which yeilding rest and good, prove their ruine,  
And in the shipwrack of their hopes and fortunes,  
The Dukedome might be sav'd, had it but ten  
That stood affected to the generall good,  
With that confirm'd zeale which brave *Aubrey* does.

*Gif.* Hee is indeed the perfect character  
Of a good man, and so his actions speak him.

*Bald.* But did you observe the many doubts, and cautions  
The brothers stood upon before they mett?

*Gif.* I did; and yet, that ever brother should  
Stand on more nice termes, than sworn enemies  
After a warre proclaim'd, would with a stranger  
Wrong the reporters credit; they saluted  
At distance; and so strong was the suspicion  
Each had of other, that before they durst  
Embrace, they were by sev'rall servants searcht,  
As doubting conceal'd weapons, antidotes  
Tane openly by both, fearing the roome  
Appoynted for the enter-view was poyson'd,  
The chaires, and cushions, with like care survey'd;  
And in a word in every circumstance  
So jealous on both parts, that it is more  
Than to be fear'd, Concord can never joyne  
Minds so divided.

*Bald.* Yet our best endeavours  
Should not bee wanting, *Gibert.*

*Gif.* Neither shall they.  
But what are these?

*Ent. Grandpre  
and Verdon.*

*Bald.* They are without my knowledge;  
But by their Manners, and Behaviours,  
They should expresse themselves.

*Grand.* Since wee serve *Rollo*  
The Elder brother, we'll be *Rollians*,  
Who will maintaine us, lads, as brave as *Romans*;  
You stand for him?

*Ver.* I doe.

*Grand.* Why, then observe

*How*



## *The Bloody Brother.*

How much the businesse, your so long'd for businesse,  
By men that are nam'd from their swords concernes you.  
Lechery, our common freind, so long kept under,  
With whips, and beating fatall hems, shall rise,  
And bawdery, in a French-hood plead, before her  
Virginity shall be carted.

*Ver.* Excellent!

*Grand.* And Hell but grant, the quarrell that's between  
The Princes may continue, and the businesse  
That's of the sword, t'outlast three suits in Law,  
And we will make Atturnies lansprisadoes,  
And our brave gown-men practisers of back-sword;  
The pewter of all Serjeants maces shall  
Be melted, and turn'd into common flaggons,  
In which it shall be lawfull to carouse  
To their most lowlie fortunes.

*Bald.* Here's a Statesman.

*Grand.* A creditor shall not dare, but by petition,  
To make demand of any debt; and that  
Only once every leap-yeere, in which, if  
The debtor may be won for a French crowne  
To pay a Saulz, hee shall be registred  
His benefactor.

*Ver.* The Chancellor heares you.

*Grand.* Feare not, I now dare speak as loud as hee,  
And will be heard, and have all I speak, Law;  
Have you no eyes? there is a reverence due,  
From children of the Gown, to men of Action:  
How's this?

*Grand.* Even so; the times, the times are chang'd;  
All businesse is not now preferd in parchment,  
Nor shall a grant passe that wants this broad seale;  
This seale d'ye see? your gravity once layd  
My head and heeles together in the dungeon,  
For cracking a scall'd officers crowne, for which  
A time is come for vengeance, and expect it;  
For know, you have not full three houres to live.



## The Bloody Brother.

*Gis.* Yes, somewhat longer.

*Gran.* To what end?

*Gis.* To hang you; think on that Ruffian.

*Gran.* For you, Schoolemaster,

You have a pretty daughter; let me see,  
Neere three a clock, (by which time I much feare,  
I shall be tyrd with killing some five hundred)  
Provide a bath, and her to entertaine me,  
And that shall be your ransome.

*Bald.* Impudent Rascall.

*Enter to them Trevile  
and Duprete.*

*Gis.* More of the crew.

*Gran.* What are you? *Rollians?*

*Tre.* No; this for *Rollo*, and all such as serve him;  
We stand for *Otto*.

*Gran.* You seeme men of fashion,  
And therefore I'll deale fairely; you shall have  
The honour this day to be chronicled  
The first men kild by *Grandpre*; you see this sword;  
A pretty foolish toy, my valour's servant,  
And I may boldly say a gentleman,  
It having made when it was *Charlemaignes*,  
Threethousand knights; this fir, shall cut your throat,  
And doe you all faire service else.

*Tre.* I kisse your hands for the good offer; here's another too,  
the servant of your servant, shall be proud to be scour'd in  
your sweet gutts; till when pray you command me.

*Gran.* Your Idolater, fir.

*Exeunt: manent Gisb. & Bald.*

*Gis.* That e're such should hold the names of men,  
Or Justice be held cruelty, when it labours  
To pluck such weeds up!

*Bald.* Yet they are protected, and by the great ones.

*Gis.* Not the good ones, *Baldwin*.

*Enter to them Aubrey.*

*Aub.* Is this a time to be spent thus by such  
As are the principall ministers of the State?  
When they that are the heads, have filld the Court

With



## *The Bloody Brother.*

With factions, a weake woman only left  
To stay their bloody hands? can her weake armes  
Alone divert the dangers ready now  
To fall upon the Common-wealth, and bury  
The honours of it, leaving not the name  
Of what it was. Oh *Gisbert*, the faire trialls  
And frequent proofs which our late master made,  
Both of your love and faith, gave him assurance,  
To chuse you at his death a Guardian; nay,  
A father to his sons; and that great trust  
How ill doe you discharge? I must be plaine,  
That, at the best, y<sup>e</sup> are a sad looker on  
Of those bad practices you should prevent;  
And where's the use of your Philosophy  
In this so needfull a time? be not secure;  
For, *Baldwin*, be assur'd, since that the Princes  
When they were young, and apt for any forme,  
Were given to your instruction, and grave ordering;  
'Twill be expected that they should be good,  
Or their bad manners will b<sup>e</sup> imputed yours.

*Bald.* 'Twas not in one, my Lord, to alter nature,

*Gis.* Nor can my counsells work on them that will not.  
Vouchsafe me hearing.

*Aub.* Doe these answers sort;  
Or with your place, or persons, or your yeeres;  
Can *Gisbert* being the pillar of the Lawes,  
See them trod under foot, or forc'd to serve  
The Princes unjust ends; and with a frowne  
Be silenc'd from exclaiming on th<sup>e</sup> abuse;  
Or *Baldwin* only weep the desperate madnesse  
Of his seduced pupills? see their minds,  
Which with good artes he labour'd to build up,  
Examples of succeeding Times, o' returned  
By undermining parasites; no one precept  
Leading to any Arte, or great, or good,  
But is forc'd from their memory, in whose roome  
Black counsells are receiv'd, and their retirements,



## *The Bloody Brother.*

And secret conference producing only  
Dev'lish designs, a man would shame to father;  
But I talk when I should doe, and chide others  
For that I now offend in: See't confirm'd,  
Now doe, or never speak more.

*Gif.* We are yours.

*Enter Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Grandpree, Otto,  
Verdon, and Duprete.*

*Rol.* You shall know whom I am.

*Ot.* I doe, my equall.

*Rol.* Thy Prince; give way, — were we alone, I'de force thee,  
In thy best blood, to write thy selfe my subject,  
And glad I would receive it.

*Aub.* Sir.

*Gif.* Deare Lord.

*Ot.* Thy subject?

*Rol.* Yes, nor shall tame patience hold me  
A minute longer, only halfe my selfe;  
My birth gave me this Dukedome, and my sword  
Shall change it to the common grave of all  
That tread upon her bosome, ere I part with  
A peece of earth, or title that is mine.

*Ot.* It needs not, and I would scorne to receive,  
Though offerd, what I want not: therefore know  
From me, though not deliver'd in great words,  
Eyes red with rage, poore pride, and threatned action:  
Our father at his death, then, when no accent,  
Wer't thou a son, could fall from him in vaine,  
Made us Coheires, our part of Land and Honours  
Of equall waight; and to see this confirm'd,  
The oaths of these are yet upon record,  
Who though they should forsake me, and call downe  
The plagues of perjury on their sinfull heads,  
I would not leave my selfe.

*Tre.* Nor will we see the Will of the dead Duke infring'd.

*Lat.* Nor I the elder rob'd of what's his right.

*Grand.*



## The Bloody Brother.

Grand. Nor you?

Let me take place, I say, I will not see't;  
My sword is sharpest.

Aub. Peace you tinder-boxes,  
That only carry matter to make a flame  
Which will consume you.

Rol. You are troublesome, To Baldwin.  
This is no time for arguments, my Title  
Needs not your schoole-defences, but my sword,  
With which the Gordian of your Sophistry  
Being cut, shall shew th' Imposture. For your laws, To Gisbert.  
It is in me to change them when I please,  
I being above them; *Gisbert* would you have me protect them;  
Let them now stretch their extreamest rigour,  
And seize upon that traytour; and your tongue  
Make him appeare first dangerous, then odious;  
And after, under the pretence of safety,  
For the sick State, the Lands and Peoples quiet,  
Cut off his head: and I'll give up my sword,  
And fight with them at a more certain weapon  
To kill, and with authoritie.

Gis. Sir, I grant the Laws are usefull weapons, but found out  
To assure the Innocent, not to oppresse.

Rol. Then you conclude him Innocent? (Crime.

Gis. The Power your father gave him, must not prove a

Aub. Nor should you so receive it.

Bald. To which purpose,  
All that dare challenge any part in goodnesse,  
Will become suppliants to you.

Rol. They have none  
That dare move me in this; hence, I defie you,  
Be of his party, bring it to your lawes,  
And thou thy double heart, thou popular foole,  
Your morall rules of Justice and her ballance;  
I stand on mine owne guard.

Os. Which thy injustice  
Will makethy enemies; by the memory



## The Bloody Brother.

Of him, whose better part now suffers for thee,  
Whose reverend ashes with an impious hand  
Thou throw'st out to contempt, in thy repining  
At his so Just decree; thou art unworthy  
Of what his last Will, not thy merits, gave thee,  
That art so swolne within, with all those mischiefs  
That e're made up a Tyrant, that thy brest,  
The prison of thy purposes, cannot hold them,  
But that they break forth, and in thy owne words  
Discover; what a monster they must serve  
That shall acknowledge thee.

Hee offers his  
sword at Otto.  
the faction joy-  
ning, Aubrey  
between severs  
the brothers.

*Rol.* Thou shalt not live to be so happy.

*Aub.* Nor your miseries begin in murther,  
Duty, allegiance, and all respects of what you are, forsake me:  
Doe you stare on? is this a Theater?  
Or shall these kill themselves, like to mad fencers,  
To make you sport? keep them asunder, or  
By heaven I'll charge on all.

*Grand.* Keep the peace.

I am for you, my lord, and if you'll have mee,  
I'll act the Constables part.

*Aub.* Live I to see this?

Will you doe that your enemies dare not wish,  
And cherish in your selves those furies, which  
Hell would cast out? Doe, I am ready; kill mee,  
And these, that would fall willing sacrifices  
To any power that would restore your reason,  
And make you men againe, which now you are not.

*Rol.* These are your bucklers boy.

*Ot.* My hinderances;

And were I not confirm'd, my Justice in  
The taking of thy life, could not weigh downe  
The wrong, in shedding the least drop of blood  
Of these whose goodnesse only now protects thee,  
Thou should'st feele I in act would prove my selfe  
What thou in words do'st labour to appeare.

*Rol.* Heare this, and talke againe? I'll break through all,

But



## *The Bloody Brother.*

But I will reach thy heart.

*Or.* 'Tis bettes guarded.

*Enter Sophia.*

*Soph.* Make way, or I will force it, who are those?  
My sonnes? my shames; turne all your swords on mee,  
And make this wretched body but one wound,  
So this unnaturall quarrell find a grave  
In the unhappy wombe that brought you forth:  
Dare you remember that you had a mother,  
Or look on these gray haire, made so with teares,  
For both your goods, and not with age; and yet  
Stand doubtfull to obey her? from mee you had  
Life, nerves, and faculties, to use these weapons;  
And dare you raise them against her, to whom  
You owe the meanes of being what you are?

*Or.* All peace is meant to you.

*Soph.* Why is this warre, then?

As if your armes could be advanc'd, and I  
Not set upon the rack? your blood is mine,  
Your dangers mine, your goodnesse I should share in;  
I must be branded with those impious markes  
You stamp on your own foreheads and on mine,  
If you goe on thus: for my good name therefore,  
Though all respects of honour in your selves,  
Bee in your fury choackt, throw down your swords;  
Your duty should be swifter than my tongue;  
And joyne your hands while they be innocent;  
You have heate of blood, and youth apt to Ambition,  
To plead an easie pardon for what's past:  
But all the ill beyond this houre committed,  
From gods or men must hope for no excuse,

*Gif.* Can you heare this unmov'd,  
No syllable of this so pious charme, but should have power  
To frustrate all the juggling deccits,  
With which the divell blinds you.

*Or.* I begin to melt, I know not how.

C

*Rel.*



## The Bloody Brother.

*Rol.* Mother, I'll leave you;  
And sir, be thankfull for the time you live,  
Till wee meeet next (which shall bee soon and sudden)  
To her perswasion for you.

*Soph.* O yet, stay,  
And rather than part thus, vouchsafe mee hearing  
As enemies; how is my soule divided?  
My love to both, is equall, as my wishes;  
But are return'd by neither; my griev'd heart,  
Hoid yer a little longer, and then break.  
I kneele to both, and will speak so, but this  
Takes from meeth' authority of a mothers power;  
And therefore, like my selfe, *Otto*, to thee,  
(And yet observe, son, how thy mothers teares  
Outstrip her forward words, to make way for 'em.)  
Thou art the yonger, *Otto*, yet be now  
The first example of obedience to mee,  
And grow the elder in my love.

*Ot.* The meanes to be so happy?

*Soph.* This; yeeld up thy sword,  
And let thy piety give thy mother strength  
To take that from thee which no enemies force  
Could e're dispoyle thee of: why do'st thou tremble,  
And with a fearefull eye fixt on thy brother,  
Observ'st his ready sword, as bent against thee?  
I am thy armour, and will be pierc'd through,  
Ten thousand times, before I will give way  
To any perill may arrive at thee;  
And therefore feare not.

*Ot.* 'Tis not for my selfe,  
But for you, mother; you are now engag'd  
In more that lies in your unquestion'd vertue;  
For, since you have disarm'd me of defence,  
Should I fall now, though by his hand, the world  
May say it was your practise.

*Soph.* All worlds perish,  
Before my piety turne treasons parent,

Take



## *The Bloody Brother.*

Take it againe, and stand upon your guard,  
And while your brother is, continue arm'd;  
And yet, this feare is needlesse, for I know,  
My *Rollo*, though hee dares as much as man,  
So tender of his yet untainted valour,  
So noble, that he dares doe nothing basely.  
You doubt him; he feares you; I doubt and feare  
Both; for others safety, and not mine owne.  
Know yet, my sons, when of necessity  
You must deceive, or be deceiv'd; 'tis better  
To suffer treason, than to act the traytor;  
And in a war like this, in which the glory  
Is his that's overcome: consider then  
What 'tis for which you strive: is it the dukedome?  
Or the command of these so ready subjects?  
De fire of wealth? or whatsoever else  
Fires your ambition? This still desp'rate madnesse,  
To kill the people which you would be lords of;  
With fire, and sword, to lay that countrey waste  
Whose rule you seeke for: to consume the treasures,  
Which are the finewes of your government,  
In cherishing the factions that destroy it:  
Far, far be this from you: make it not questiond  
Whether you have intrest in that dukedome,  
Whose ruine both contend for.

*Ot.* I desire but to enjoy my owne, which I will keep.

*Rol.* And rather than posterity shall have cause  
To say I ruin'd all, devide the dukedome,  
I will accept the moytie.

*Ot.* I embrace it.

*Soph.* Devide mee first, or teare mee limbe by limbe,  
And let them finde as many severall graves  
As there are villages in *Normandy*:  
And 'tis lesse sinne than thus to weaken it.  
To heare it mentiond doth already make mee  
Envie my dead lord, and almost blaspheme  
Those powers that heard my prayer for fruitfullnesse,



## The Bloody Brother.

And did not with my first birth close my wombe:  
To mee alone my second blessing proves  
My first of misery, for if that heaven  
Which gave mee *Rollo*, there had stayd his bounty,  
And *Otto*, my deare *Otto*, ne're had been,  
Or being, had not been so worth my love,  
The streame of my affection had runne constant  
In one faire current, all my hopes had been  
Layd up in one; and fruitfull *Normandy*  
In this division had not lost her gloryes:  
For as tis now, tis a faire diamond,  
Which being preserv'd intire, exceeds all value,  
But cut in peeces (though these peeces are  
Set in fine gold by the best work-mans cunning)  
Parts with all estimation: So this Dukedome,  
As 'tis yet whole, the neighbouring Kings may covet,  
But cannot compasse; which divided, will  
Become the spoile of every barbarous foe  
That will invade it.

*Gif.* How this works in both!

*Bal.* Prince *Rollo*'s eyes have lost their fire.

*Gif.* And anger, that but now wholly possessed  
Good *Otto*, hath given place to pitie.

*Aub.* End not thus Madam, but perfect what's so well begun.

*Soph.* I see in both, faire signes of reconcilment,  
Make them sure proofes they are so: the Fates offer  
To your free choyce, either to live Examples  
Of pietie, or wickednesse: if the later  
Blinds so your understanding, that you cannot  
Pierce through her painted out-side, and discover  
That she is all deformity within;  
Boldly transcend all presidents of mischief,  
And let the last, and the worst end of tyrannies,  
The murther of a mother, but begin  
The staine of blood you after are to heighten:  
But if that vertue, and her sure rewards,  
Can win you to accept her for your guide,



## The Bloody Brother.

To lead you up to heaven, and there fix you  
The fairest Starres in the bright Spheare of Honour;  
Make me the parent of an hundred sonnes,  
All brought into the world with joy, not sorrow,  
And every one a father to his countrey,  
In being now made mother of your concord.

*Rol.* Such, and so good, I wd fame for ever speake you.

*Bal.* I, now they meet like Brothers.

*Gis.* My hearts joy flows through my eyes.

*Aub.* May never womans tongue

Hereafter be accus'd, for this ones Goodnesse.

*Ot.* If we contend, from this houre, it shall be  
How to orecome in brotherly affection.

*Rol.* *Otto* is *Rollo* now, and *Rollo*, *Otto*,  
Or as they have one mind, rather one name:  
From this attonement let our lives begin,  
Be all the rest forgotten.

*Aub.* Spoke like *Rollo*.

*Soph.* And to the honour of this reconcilment,  
Wee all this night will at a publick Feast  
With choice wines drowne our late feares, and with musick  
Welcome our comforts.

*Bald.* Sure and certaine ones.

*Exeunt.*

*Manent - Grandpre, Verdon, Trevile, and Duprete.*

*Gran.* Did ever such a hopefull businesse end thus?

*Ver.* Tis fatal to us all, and yet you *Grandpre*,  
Have the least cause to feare.

*Gran.* Why, what's my hope?

*Ver.* The certainty that you have to be hang'd;  
You know the Chancellours promise.

*Gran.* Plague upon you.

*Ver.* What think you of a Bath and a Lords daughter  
To entertaine you?

*Gran.* Those desires are off.

Frayle thoughts, all friends, no *Rollians* now, nor *Ottos*:  
The sev'ral court'ies of our swords and servants



## The Bloody Brother.

Deferre to after consequence ; let's make use  
Of this nights freedome, a short Parliament to us,  
In which it will be lawfull to walk freely.  
Nay, to our drink we shall have meat too, that's  
No usuall businesse to the men o'th' sword.  
Drink deep with me to night, we shall to morrow  
Or whip, or hang the merryer.

*Tre.* Lead the way then.

*Exeunt.*

### Act II. Scene I.

*Enter Latorch and Rollo.*

**W**hy should this trouble you ?

*Rol.* It does, and must doe till I finde ease.

*Lat.* Consider then, and quickly ;

And like a wise man, take the current with you,  
Which once turn'd head, will sinke you ; blest occasion  
Offers her selfe in thousand safeties to you ;  
Time standing still to point you out your purpose,  
And resolution (the true child of Vertue)  
Readie to execute : what dull cold weaknesse  
Has crept into your bolome, whose meeke thoughts  
Like tempests, plowing up the sayling Forrests,  
Even with their swing were wont to shake downe hazards.  
What is't, your mothers teares ?

*Rol.* Pry thee be patient.

*Lat.* Her hands held up ? her prayers, or her curses ?

Oh power of paper dropt through by a woman :

Take heed the souldiers see it not ; 'tis miserable,

In *Rollo* below miserable ; take heed your friends,

The finewes of your cause, the strength you stirre by,

Take heed, I say, they find it not : take heed

Your owne repentance (like a passing-bell)

Too



## *The Bloody Brother.*

Too late, and too loud, tell the world y'are perisht:  
What noble spirit, eager of advancement,  
Whose imployment is his plough; what sword whose sharpnesse  
Waits but the arme to weild it; or what hope,  
After the world has blowne abroad this weaknesse,  
Will move againe, or make a wish for *Rollo*?

*Rol.* Are we not friends againe by each oath ratified,  
Our tongues the Heralds to our hearts?

*Lat.* Poore hearts then.

*Rol.* Our worthier friends.

*Lat.* No friends sir, to your honour;  
Friends to your fall: where is your understanding,  
The noble vessell that your full soule sayld in,  
Ribb'd round with honours; where is that? 'tis ruind,  
The tempest of a womans sighs has sunk it.  
Friendship, take heed sir, is a smiling harlot  
That when shee kisses, kills, a soder'd friendship  
Peec'd out with promises; O painted ruine!

*Rol.* *Latorch*, he is my brother.

*Lat.* The more doubted;  
For hatred hatcht at home is a tame Tiger,  
May fawne and sport but never leaves his nature;  
The jarres of brothers, two such mighty ones,  
Is like a small stone throwne into a river,  
The breach scarce heard, but view the beaten current,  
And you shall see a thousand angry rings  
Rise in his face, still swelling and still growing;  
So jarres circling distrusts, distrusts breed dangers,  
And dangers death, the greatest extreme shadow,  
Till nothing bound 'hem but the shoare their graves;  
There is no manly wisdom, nor no safety  
In leaning to this league, this peec'd patch friendship;  
This reard up reconciliation on a billow,  
Which as it tumbles, totters downe your fortune;  
Ist not your owne you reach at? Law and Nature  
Ushering the way before you; is not hee  
Borne and bequeath'd your subject?

*Rol.* Ha...



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*The Bloody Brother.*

*Rol.* Ha.

(peace.

*Lat.* What foole would give a storme leave to disturb his  
When he may shut the casement? can that man  
Has woon so much upon your pity,  
And drawne so high, that like an ominous Comet,  
He darkens all your light; can this toucht Lyon  
( Though now he licks and locks up his fell pawes,  
Craftily huming, like a catt to cozen you )  
But when ambition whetts him, and time fitts him,  
Leape to his prey, and seizd once, suck your heart out?  
Doe you make it conscience?

*Rol.* Conscience *Latorch*, what's that?

*Lat.* A feare they tye up fooles in, Natures coward,  
Pauling the blood, and chilling the full spirit  
With apprehension of meere clouds and shadowes.

*Rol.* I know no conscience, nor I feare no shadowes.

*Lat.* Or if you did; if there were conscience,  
If the free soule could suffer such a curbe  
To the fiery mind, such puddles to put it out;  
Must it needs like a rank Vine, run up rudely,  
And twine about the top of all our happinesse  
Honour and rule, and there sit shaking of us?

*Rol.* It shall not, nor it must not; I am satisfied,  
And once more am my selfe againe:  
My mothers teares and womanish cold prayers,  
Farewell, I have forgot you; if there be conscience,  
Let it not come betwixt a crowne and me,  
Which is my hope of blisse, and I beleewe it:  
*Otto*, our friendship thus I blow to ayre,  
A buble for a boy to play withall;  
And all the vowes my weaknesse made, like this,  
Like this poore heartlesse ruth, I rend in peeces:

*Lat.* Now you goe right, sir, now your eyes are open.

*Rol.* My fathers last petition's dead as he is,  
And all the promises I closd his eyes with,  
In the same grave I bury.

*Lat.* Now y' are a man, sir.

*Rol.*



## The Bloody Brother.

*Rol.* Otto, thou shewst my winding sheet before me,  
Which ere I put it on, like heavens blest fire  
In my descent Ile make it blush in blood;  
A Crowne, A Crowne, Oh sacred Rule, now fire mee;  
Nor shall the pittie of thy youth, false brother,  
Although a thousand Virgins kneele before mee,  
And every dropping eye a court of mercy,  
The same blood with me, nor the reverence  
Due to my mothers blest womb that bred us,  
Redeeme thee from my doubts: thou art a wolfe here,  
Fed with my feares, and I must cut thee from me:  
A Crowne, A Crowne; Oh sacred Rule, now fire me:  
No safety else.

*Lat.* But be not too much stird, Sir, nor to high  
In your execution: swallowing waters  
Run deep and silent, till they are satisfied,  
And smile in thousand Curles, to guild their craft;  
Let your sword sleep, and let my two edged witt work  
This happy feast, the full joy of your friendships  
Shall be his last.

*Rol.* How my *Latorch*?

*Lat.* Why thus, sir;  
Ile presently go dive into the Officers  
That minister at Table: gold and goodnesse,  
With promise upon promise, and time necessary,  
Ile poure into them.

*Rol.* Canst thou doe it neatly?

*Lat.* Let me alone, and such a bait it shall be,  
Shall take off all suspicion.

*Rol.* Goe, and prosper.

*Lat.* Walk in then, and your smoothest face put on sir.

*Exeunt.*

## Act II. Scene II.

*Enter the Master Cook, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the  
Cellar, with a Jack of Beere and a Dish.*

*Coo.* **A** Hot day, a hot day, vengeance hot day boyes,  
Give me some drink, this fire's a plaguy fretter:

D

Body



## The Bloody Brother.

Body of me, I'm dry still; give me the Jack boy;  
This wooden Skiffe holds nothing.

*Pant.* And faith master, what brave new meats? for here  
will be old eating.

*Coo.* Old and young, boy, let 'em all eat, I have it;  
I have ballasse for their bellies, if they eate a gods name,  
Let them have ten tire of teeth a peice, I care not;

*But.* But what new rare munition?

*Coo.* Pish, a thousand;  
Ile make you piggs speake French at table, and a fat swan  
Come sayling out of England with a challenge;  
Ile make you a dish of calves-feet dance the Canaries,  
And a consort of cramm'd capons fiddle to 'hem;  
A calves head speak an Oracle, and a dozen of Larks  
Rise from the dish, and sing all supper time;  
Tis nothing boyes: I have framed a fortification  
Out of Rye paste, which is impregnable,  
And against that, for two long houres together,  
Two dozen of marrow-bones shall play continually:  
For fish, Ile make you a standing lake of white broth,  
And pikes come ploughing up the plums before them;  
*Arion*, like a Dolphin, playing Lachrymae,  
And brave king Herring with his oyle and onyon  
Crownd with a Limon pill, his way prepar'd  
With his strong Guard of Pilchers.

*Pant.* I marry master.

*Coo.* All these are nothing: Ile make you a stubble Goose  
Turne o'th' toe thrice, doe a crosse point presently,  
And sit downe agen, and cry come eat me:  
These are for mirth. Now sir, for matter of mourning,  
Ile bring you in the Lady Loyne of Veale,  
With the long love she bore the Prince of Orenge.

*All.* Thou boy, thou.

*Coo.* I have a trick for thee too,  
And a rare trick, and I have done it for thee.

*Yeo.* What's that good master?

*Coo.* 'Tis a sacrifice.



## The Bloody Brother.

A full Vine bending, like an Arch, and under  
The blowne god *Batchus*, sitting on a Hoghead,  
His Altar Beere: before that, a plump Vintner  
Kneeling, and offering incense to his Heitie,  
Which shall be only this, red Sprats and Pilchers.

*But.* This when the Table's drawne, to draw the Wine on.

*Coo.* Thou hast it right, and then comes thy Song, *Butler.*

*Pant.* This will be admirable.

*Yeo.* Oh sir, most admirable.

*Coo.* If youle have the pasty speak, 'tis in my power,  
I have fire enough to work it; come, stand close,  
And now rehearse the Song, We may be perfect,  
The drinking Song, and say I were the Brothers.

*They sing.*

Well have you borne your selves; a red Deare Pye, Boyes,  
And that no leane one, I bequeath your vertues;  
What friends hast thou to day? no citizens?

*Pant.* Yes father, the old Crew.

*Coo.* By the masse true wenches:  
Sirra, set by a chine of Beefe, and a hot Pasty,  
And let the Joll of Sturgeon be corrected:  
And doe you marke sir, stake me to a Pheasant,  
And see if you can shoot her in the Sellar.

*Pant.* God a mercy Lad, send me thy roaring bottles,  
And with such Nectar I will see 'em fill'd,  
That all thou speak'st shall be pure Helicon.

*Enter Latorche.*

Monfieur *Latorche*? what newes with him? Save you.

*Lat.* Save you Master, save you gentlemen,  
You are casting for this preparation;  
This joyfull supper for the royall Brothers:  
I'm glad I have met you fitly, for to your charge  
My bountifull brave Butler, I must deliver  
A Bevie of young Lasses, that must looke on  
This nights solemnity, and see the two Dukes,  
Or I shall lose my credit; you have Stowage?

D

*But.*



## The Bloody Brother.

*But.* For such freight He find roome, and be your servant.  
*Coo.* Bring them, they shal not starve here. He send'em victuals  
Shall work you a good turne, though't be ten dayes hence, sir.

*Lat.* God-a-mercy noble Master.

*Coo.* Nay, He do't.

*Yeo.* And wine they shal not want, let'em drink like Ducks.

*Lat.* What misery it is that minds so royall,  
And such most honest bounties, as yours are,  
Should be confin'd thus to uncertainties.

*But.* I, were the State once settled, then we had places.

*Yeo.* Then we could shew our selves, and help our friends, sir.

*Coo.* I, then there were some favour in't, where now  
We live between two stooles, every house ready  
To tumble on our noses; and for ought we know yet,  
For all this Supper, ready to fast the next day.

*Lat.* I would faine speak unto you out of pitie,  
Out of the love I beare you, out of honesty,  
For your owne goods; nay, for the generall blessing.

*Coo.* And we would as faine heare you, pray goe forward.

*Lat.* Dare you but think to make your selves up certainties,  
Your places, and your credits ten times doubled,  
The Princes favour, *Rallas.*

*But.* A sweet Gentleman.

*Yeo.* I, and as bountious, if he had his right too.

*Coo.* By the masse, a Royall gentleman, indeed Boyes,  
He'de make the chinneyes smoake.

*Lat.* He would do't friends,  
And you too, if he had his right, true Courtiers;  
What could you want then? dare you?

*Coo.* Pray you be short sir.

*Lat.* And this my soule upon't, I dare assure you,  
If you but dare your parts.

*Coo.* Dare not mee Monsieur:  
For I that feare nor fire, nor water, sir,  
Dare doe enough, a man would thinke.

*Yeo.* Beleeve't, sir,  
But make this good upon us you have promis'd,

You



## *The Bloody Brother.*

**You shall not find us flinchers.**

*Lat.* Then Ile be fudden.

*Pant.* What may this mean? and whither would he drive us?

*Lat.* And first, for what you must doe, because all danger  
Shall be apparantly ty'd up and muffled, *Lat.*  
The matter seeming mighty: there's your pardons.

*Pant.* Pardons? I'll come to that, gods defend us.

*Lat.* And here's five hundred Crownes in bountious earnest,  
And now behold the matter.

*But.* What are these, sir?

*Yeo.* And of what nature? to what use?

*Lat.* I imagine.

*Coo.* Will they kill Rats? they eat my pyes abominably,  
Or work upon a woman cold as Christmas:  
I have an old Jade sticks upon my fingers,  
May I taste them?

*Lat.* Is your will made?

And have you said your prayers? for theyle pay you:  
And now to come up to you, for your knowledge,  
And for the good you never shall repent you  
If you be wisemen now.

*Coo.* Wise as you will, sir.

*Lat.* These must be put then into the severall meats  
Young Otto loves, by you into his wine, sir,  
Into his bread by you, Into his linnen.  
Now if you desire, you have found the meanes  
To make you, and if you dare not, you have  
Found your ruine; resolve me ere you goe.

*But.* Youle keepe your faith with us.

*Lat.* May I no more see light else.

*Coo.* Why tis done then?

*But.* Tis done.

*Pant.* Tis done which shall be undone.

*Lat.* About it then, farewell, y'are all of one mind.

*Coo.* All?

*All:* All: All.

*Lat.* Why then all happie.

*Exit.*

*But.*



## The Bloody Brother.

*But.* What did wee promise him?

*Yeo.* Doe you aske that now?

*But.* I would be glad to know what 'tis.

*Pan.* Ile tell you.

It is to be all villanes, khaves, and traytors.

*Coo.* Fine wholsome titles.

*Pan.* But if you dare, goe forward.

*Coo.* Wee may be hang'd, drawne, and quarter'd.

*Pan.* Very true, sir.

*Coo.* What a goodly swing I shall give the gallowes? yet I think too, this may be done, and yet wee may be rewarded, not with a rope, but with a royall master: and yet wee may be hang'd too.

*Yeo.* Say it were done; who is it done for? is it not for *Rollo*? And for his right?

*Coo.* And yet we may be hang'd too.

*But.* Or say he take it, say wee be discover'd? Is not the same man bound to still protect us? Are we not his?

*But.* Sure, he will never fayle us.

*Coo.* If he doe, friends, we shall finde that will hold us; And yet me thinks, this prologue to our purpose,

These crownes should promise more: tis easily done,

As easie as a man would roast an egge,

If that be all; for look you, gentlemen,

Here stand my broths, my finger slips a little,

Downe drops a dose, I stir him with my ladle,

And there's a dish for a Duke: *Olla Podrida*.

Here stands a bak'd meat, he wants a little seasoning,

A foolish mistake; my Spice-box, gentlemen,

And put in some of this, the matter's ended;

Dredge you a dish of plovers, there's the Art on't.

*Yeo.* Or as I fill my wine.

*Coo.* Tis very true, sir.

Blissing it with your hand, thus quick and neatly first, tis past

And done once, tis as easie

For him to thank us for it, and reward us.

*Pan.*



## The Bloody Brother.

*Pan.* But tis a damnd sinne.

*Coo.* O, never feare that.

The fire's my play-fellow, and now I am resolv'd, boyes:

*But.* Why then, have with you.

*Yeo.* The same for mee.

*Pan.* For mee too.

*Coo.* And now no more our worships, but our lordships.

*Pan.* Not this ycere, on my knowledge, Ile unlord you.

*Exeunt.*

## Act II. Scene III.

*Enter Servant, and Sewer.*

**P**erfume the roome round, and prepare the table,  
Gentlemen officers, wait in your places.

*Sew.* Make roome there,

Roome for the Dukes meate. Gentlemen, be bare there,

Cleere all the entrance: Guard, put by those gapers,

And gentlemen-ushers, see the gallery cleere,

The Dukes are comming on.

*Hoboys a Banquet.*

*Enter Sophia, between Rollo and Otto, Aubrey, Latorche, Gifbert, Baldwin, Attendants, Hamond, Matilda, Edith.*

*Ser.* Tis certainly informd.

*Ot.* Reward the fellow, and looke you mainly to it.

*Ser.* My life for yours, sir.

*Soph.* Now am I straight, my lords, and young agen,  
My long since blasted hopes shoot out in blossomes,

The fruits of everlasting love appearing;

Oh! my blest boyes, the honour of my yeares,

Of all my cares, the bounteous faire rewarders.

Oh! let me thus imbrace you, thus for ever

Within a mothers love lock up your friendships:

And my sweet sons, once more with mutuall twinings,

As one chaste bed begot you, make one body:

Blessings from heaven in thousand showres fall on you:

*Aub.*



## The Bloody Brother.

*Aub.* Oh! womans goodnesse never to be equalld,  
May the most sinfull creatures of thy sex  
But kneeling at thy monument, rise saints.

*Soph.* Sit downe my worthy sons; my lords. your places.  
I, now mee thinks the table's nobly furnish;  
Now the meat nourishes; the wine gives spirit;  
And all the roome stuck with a generall pleasure,  
Shewes like the peacefull bowes of happinesse.

*Aub.* Long may it last, and from a heart fill'd with it,  
Full as my cup; I give it round, my lords.

*Bald.* And may that stubborn heart be drunk with sorrow  
Refuses it; men dying now, should take it;  
Shake off their miseries, and sleep in peace.

*Rol.* You are sad, my noble brother.

*Ot.* No, indeed, sir.

*Roph.* No sadnesse my son this day.

*Rol.* Pray you eate.

Something is here you have lov'd; taste of this dish  
It will prepare your stomach.

*Ot.* Thank you brother: I am not now dispos'd to eate.

*Rol.* Or that.

You put us out of heart man, come, these bak't meats  
Were ever your best dyet.

*Ot.* None, I thank you.

*soph.* Are you well, noble childe?

*Ot.* Yes, gracious mother.

*Rol.* Give him a cup of wine, then, pledge the health,  
drink it to mee, Ile give it to my mother.

*Soph.* Doe, my best childe.

*Ot.* I must not, my best mother,  
Indeed I dare not: for of late, my body  
Has been much weakned by excesse of dyet;  
The promise of a feaver hanging on mee.  
And even now ready, if not by abstinence

*Rol.* And will you keep it in this generall freedome;  
A little health preferrd before our friendship.

*Ot.* I pray you excuse mee, sir.

*Rol.*



## The Bloody Brother.

*Rol.* Excuse your selfe sir,  
Come tis your feare, and not your favour brother,  
And you have done me a most worthy kindnesse  
My Royall mother, and you noble Lords;  
Here, for it now concernes me to speake boldly,  
What faith can be expected from his vowes,  
From his dissembling smiles, what fruite of friendship  
From all his dull embraces, what blest issue,  
When he shall brand me here for base suspicion,  
He takes me for a poysoner.

*Sop.* Gods defend it sonne.

*Rol.* For a foule knave, a villaine, and so feares me.

*Ot.* I could say something too.

*Sop.* You must not so sir,  
Without your great forgetfulnesse of vertue;  
This is your brother, and your honour'd brother.

*Rol.* If he please so.

*Sop.* One noble father, with as noble thoughts,  
Begot your mindes and bodies: one care rockt you,  
And one truth to you both was ever sacred;  
Now tye my *Otto*, whither flies your goodnesse,  
Because the right hand has the power of cutting,  
Shall the left presently cry out tis maymed?  
They are one my childe, one power, and one performance,  
And joynd together thus, one love, one body.

*Aub.* I doe beseech your grace, take to your thoughts  
More certaine counsellors than doubts or feares,  
They strangle nature, and disperse themselves  
(If once beleeu'd) into such fogges and errors  
That the bright truth her selfe can never seyer:  
Your brother is a royall gentleman  
Full of himselfe, honour, and honesty,  
And take heede sir, how nature bent to goodnesse,  
(So streight a Cedar to himselfe) uprightnesse  
Be wrested from his true use, prove not dangerous

*Rol.* Nay my good brother knownes I am too patient.

*Lat.* Why should your Grace thinke him a poysoner



## The Bloody Brother.

Has he no more respect to piety!  
And but he has by oath ty'd up his fury  
Who durst but thinke that thought.

*Aub.* Away thou firebrand.

*Lat.* If men of his sort, of his power, and place  
The eldest sonne in honour to this Dukedome.

*Bald.* For shame containe thy tongue, thy poysonous tongue  
That with her burning venome will infect all,  
And once more blow a wilde fire through the dukedome.

*Gis.* *Latorche*, if thou be'st honest, or a man,  
Containe thy selfe.

*Aub.* Goe too, no more, by heaven  
Youle finde y'have playd the foole else, not a word more.

*Sop.* Prithee sweete sonne.

*Rol.* Let him alone sweete mother, and my Lords  
To make you understand how much I honour  
This sacred peace, and next my innocence  
And to avoyd all further difference  
Discourse may draw on to a way of danger  
I quit my place, and take my leave for this night,  
Wishing a generall joy may dwell among you.

*Aub.* Shall we waite on your grace?

*Rol.* I dare not breake you, *Latorche*.

*Exit. Rollo and Latorche.*

*Ol.* Oh mother that your tenderesse had eyes,  
Discerning eyes, what would this man appeare then,  
The tale of *Synon* when he tooke upon him  
To ruine *Troy*; with what a cloud of cunning  
He hid his heart, nothing appearing outwards,  
But came like innocence, and dropping pittie,  
Sighes that would sinke a Navie, and had tales  
Able to take the eares of Saints, beleeve too,  
And what did all these? blew the fire to *Illium*,  
His crafty art (but more refin'd by study)  
My brother has put on: oh I could tell you  
But for the reverence I beare to nature,  
Things that would make your honest blood runne backward:

*Sop.*



## The Bloody Brother.

*Sop.* You dare tell me?

*Ot.* Yes, in your private cloſet  
Where I will preſently attend you; riſe  
I am a little troubled, but 'twill off.

*Sop.* Is this the joy I look'd for?

*Ot.* All will mend,  
Be not diſturb'd deare mother, Ile not faile you.

*Exit. Sop. and Otto.*

*Bald.* I doe not like this.

*Aub.* That is ſtill in our powers,  
But how to make it ſo that we may like it.

*Bald.* Beyond us ever; *Latorche* me thought was buſie,  
That fellow, if not lookt to narrowly will doe a ſuddaine  
miſchiefe.

*Aub.* Hell looke to him,  
For if there may be a devill above all, yet  
that rogue will make him; keepe you up this night,  
And ſo will I, for much I feare a danger.

*Bald.* I will, and in my watches uſe my prayers. *Exeunt.*

### Act: 3. Scene. I.

*Enter Sophia, Otto, Matilda, Edith.*

*Ot.* You wonder Madam, that for all the ſhewes  
My brother *Rollo* makes of hearty love  
And free poſſeſſion of the Dukedome twixt us;  
I notwithstanding ſhould ſtand ſtill ſuſpicious,  
As if beneath thoſe veyles, he did convey  
Intentſ and practiſes of hate, and treaſon?

*Sop.* It breeds indeed my wonder.

*Ot.* Which makes mine,  
Since it is ſo ſafe and broad a beaten way,  
Beneath the name of frienſhip to betray.

*Sop.* Though in remote and further of affections,  
Theſe falſhoods are ſo common, yet in him



## The Bloody Brother.

They cannot so force nature ;

*Ot.* The more neere  
The bands of truth bind, the more oft they sever,  
Being better cloakes to cover falshood over.

*Sop.* It cannot be, that fruites the tree so blasting  
Can grow in nature ; take heede gentle sonne  
Least some subbornd suggester of these treasons,  
Beleiv'd in him by you, provok'd the rather  
His tender envies, to such foule atemptes ;  
Or that your too much love to rule alone  
Breed not in him this lealous passion ;  
There is not any ill we might not beare  
Were not our good held at a price too deare ?

*Ot.* So apt is treachery to be excused,  
That innocence is still aloud abused,  
The fate of vertue even her friends perverts,  
To plead for vice oft rimes against their hearts,  
Heavens blessing is her curse, which she must beare  
That she may never love.

*Sop.* Alas, my sonne, nor fate, nor heaven it selfe,  
Can or would wrest my whole care of your good  
To any least securenesse in your ill :  
What I urge issues from my curious feare ;  
Least you should make your meanes to scape your snare,  
Doubt of sincerenesse is the onely meane  
Not to insence it, but corrupt it cleane.

*Ot.* I rest as farre from wrong of sincerenesse,  
As he flies from the practice, trust me Madam,  
I know by their confessions, he subborn'd,  
What I should eat, drinke, touch, or onely have scented,  
This evening feast was poysoned, but I feare  
This open violence more, that treacherous oddes  
Which he in his insatiate thirst of rule  
Is like to execute.

*Sop.* Believe it Sonne,  
If still his stomacke be so foule to feede  
On such grosse objects, and that thirst to rule



## The Bloody Brother.

The state alone be yet unquench'd in him,  
Poysons and such close treasons aske more time  
Than can suffice his fiery spirits hast :  
And were there in him such desire to hide  
So false a practise, there would likewise rest  
Conscience and feare in him of open force,  
And therefore close nor open you need feare.

*Mat.* Good Madam, stand not so inclin'd to trust  
What proves his tendrest thoughts to doubt it just,  
Who knowes not the unbounded flood and sea,  
In which my brother *Rolloes* appetites  
Alter and rage with every puffle and breath,  
His swelling blood exhales, and therefore heare,  
What gives my temperate brother cause to use  
His readiest circumspection, and consult  
For remedy against all his wicked purposes;  
If he arme, arme, if he strew mines of treason,  
Meete him with countermines, it is justice still  
(For goodnesse sake) t' encounter ill with ill.

*Sop.* Avert from us such justice, equall heaven,  
And all such cause of justice.

*Ot.* Past all doubt  
(For all the sacred priviledge of night)  
This is no time for us to sleepe or rest in;  
Who knowes not all things holy are prevented  
With ends of all impietie, all but  
Lust, gainè, ambition.

*Enter Rollo armed, and Latorche.*

*Rol.* Perish all the world  
Ere I but loose one foote of possible Empire,  
Be flights and colour us'd by slaves and wretches  
I am exempt by birth from both these curbes,  
And since above them in all justice, since  
I sit above in power, where power is given,  
Is all the right suppos'd of earth and heaven.

*Lat.* Prove both sir, see the traytor.

*Ot.* He comes armed, see Mother, now your confidence?



## The Bloody Brother.

*Sop.* What rage affects this monster?

*Roll.* Give me way or perish.

*Sop.* Make thy way viper, if thou thus affect it.

*Ot.* This is a treason like thee.

*Roll.* Let her goe.

*Sop.* Embrace me, weare me as thy shield, my sonne;  
And through my breast let his rude weapon runne,  
To thy lives innocence.

*Ot.* Play not two parts,  
Traicher and coward both; but yeeld a sword,  
And let thy arming thee be oddes enough  
Against my naked bosome.

*Roll.* Loose his hold.

*Mat.* Forbeare bale murtherer.

*Roll.* Forsake our mother.

*Sop.* Mother, dost thou name me, and put'st off nature thus?

*Roll.* Forsake her traytour.

Or by the spouse of nature through hers,  
This leads unto thy heart.

*Ot.* Hold.

*Sop.* Hold me still.

*Ot.* For twenty hearts and lives I will not hazard  
One drop of blood in yours.

*Sop.* Oh thou art lost then.

*Ot.* Protect my innocence, heaven.

*Sop.* Call out murther.

*Mat.* Be murthered all, but save him.

*Ed.* Murther, murther.

*Roll.* Cannot I reach you yet.

*Ot.* No fiend.

*Roll.* *Latorche*, rescue, I'me downe.

*Lat.* Up then, your sword cooles fir,  
Ply it i'th' flame, and worke your ends out.

*Roll.* Ha, have at you there fir.

*Enter Aubrey.*

*Aub.* Author of prodigies, what sightes are these?

*Ot.* Oh give me a weapon, *Aubrey*.

*Sop.*



## *The Bloody Brother*

*Sop.* Oh part'em, part'em.

*Aub.* For heavens sake no more.

*Ot.* No more resist his fury, no rage can  
Adde to his mischiefe done.

*Dyes.*

*Sop.* Take spirit my *Otto*,  
Heaven will not see thee dye thus.

*Mat.* He is dead, and nothing lives but death of every  
goodnesse.

*Sop.* Oh he hath slaine his brother, curse him heaven.

*Roll.* Curse and be cursed, it is the fruite of cursing.

*Latorche*, take off here, bring too, of that blood

To colour ore my shirt, then rayse the Court

And give it out how he attempted us

In our bed naked, shall the name of brother

Forbid us to inlarge our state and powers?

Or place affects of blood above our reason?

That tells us all things good against another,

Are good in the same line against a brother.

*Exit.*

*Enter Gisbert, Baldwin.*

*Gis.* What affaires informe these out-cries?

*Aub.* See and grieve.

*Gis.* Prince *Otto* slaine!

*Bald.* Oh execrable slaughter!

What hand hath author'd it?

*Aub.* Your Schollers, *Baldwin*.

*Bald.* Vnjustly urg'd, Lord *Aubrey*, as if I,  
For being his Schoolemaster, must owne this doctrine,

You are his Counsellours, did you advise him

To this foule parracide?

*Gis.* If rule affect this licence, who would live  
To worse, than dye in force of his obedience?

*Bald.* Heavens cold and lingring spirit to punish sinne,  
And humane blood so fiery to commit it,

One so outgoes the other, it will never

Be turn'd to fit obedience.

*Aub.* Burst it then

With



## *The Bloody Brother.*

With his full swing given, where it brookes no bound,  
Complaints of it are vaine; and all that rests  
To be our refuge (since our powers are strengthlesse)  
Is to conforme our wills to suffer freely,  
What with our murmurs we can never master;  
Ladies, be pleased with what heavens pleasure suffers,  
Erect your princely countenances and spirits,  
And to redresse the mischiefs now resistlesse,  
Sooth it in shew, rather than curse or crosse it;  
Which all amends, and vow to it your best,  
But till you may performe it, let it rest.

*Gif.* Those temporizings are too dull and servile,  
To breath the free ayre of a manly soule,  
Which shall in me expire in execrations,  
Before, for any life I sooth a murderer.

*Bald.* Poure lives before him, till his owne be dry  
Of all lives services and humane comforts;  
None left that lookes at heaven is halfe so base  
To doe those blacke and hellish actions grace.

*Enter Rollo, Lat. Ham. and guard.*

*Rol.* Haſte *Latorche*  
And raise the Cittie as the Court is raised  
Proclaiming the abhor'd conspiracy  
In plot against my life.

*Lat.* I haſte my Lord.

*Exit.*

*Roll.* You there that mourne upon the juſtly ſlaine,  
Arise and leave it if you love your lives,  
And heare from me what (kept by you) may ſave you.

*Mat.* What will the Butcher doe? I will not ſtirre.

*Roll.* Stirre, and unforc't ſtirre, or ſtirre never more:  
Command her, you grave Beldame, that know better  
My deadly reſolutions, ſince I drew them  
From the infective fountaine of your owne,  
Or if you have forgot, this fiery prompter  
Shall fixe the freſh impreſſion on your heart.

*Sop.* Riſe daughter, ſerve his will in what we may

*Leaſt*



## The bloody Brothers

Least what we may not be enforce the rather,  
Is this all you command us?

*Rol.* This addition onely admitted, that when I endeavour  
To quit me of this slaughter you persume not  
To crosse me with a syllable for your soules;  
Murmure, nor thinke against it, but weigh well,  
It will not helpe your ill, but helpe to more,  
And that my hand wrought thus farre to my will,  
Will checke at nothing till his circle fill.

*Mat.* Fill it, so I consent not, but who soother it  
Consents, and who consents to tyrannie, does it.

*Rol.* False traytresse die then with him. (self)

*Aub.* Are you mad, to offer at more blood, and make your  
More horrid to your people? He proclaime,  
It is not as your instrument will publish.

*Rol.* Doe, and take that along with you — so nimble,  
Resigne my sword, and dare not for thy soule  
To offer what thou insolently threatnest;  
One word, proclaiming crosse to what *Lambert*  
Hath in Commission, and intends to publish.

*Aub.* Well sir, not for your threats, but for your good,  
Since more hurt to you would more hurt your countrey,  
And that you must make vertue of the neede  
That now compells you, Ile consent as farre  
As silence argues to your will proclaimed:  
And since no more sonnes of your Princely father  
Survives to rule but you, and that I wish  
You should rule like your father, with the love  
And zeale of all your subjects; this foule slaughter  
That now you have committed made ashamed  
With that faire blessing, that in place of plagues,  
Heaven tries our mending disposition, which  
Take here your sword, which now use like a Prince,  
And no more like a Tyrant.

*Rol.* This sounds well, live and be gracious with us.

*Gis. and Bal.* Oh Lord *Aubrey*.

*Mat.* He flatters thus?



## The bloody Brother.

*Sop.* He temporizes fitly.

*Rol.* Wonder invades me; doe you two thinke much,  
That he thus wisely, and with neede consents  
To what I author for your Countries good?  
You being my Tutor, you my Chancellour.

*Gif.* Your Chancellour, is not not your Flatterer sir?

*Bal.* Nor, Is it your Tutors part to shield such doctrine?

*Rol.* Sir, first know you,  
In praise of your pure Oratorie that raise you,  
That when the people, who I know by this  
Are raised out of their rests, and hastening hithen  
To witnesse what is done here, are arrived  
With our *Latorch*, that you extempore  
Shall fashion an Oration to acquit  
And justifie this forced fate of mine,  
Or for the proud refusall lose your head.

*Gif.* I fashion an Oration to acquit you?  
Sir, know you then, that tis a thing lesse easie  
To excuse a parricide than to commit it.

*Rol.* I doe not wish you sir, to excuse me,  
But to accuse my brother, as the cause  
Of his owne slaughter by attempting mine.

*Gif.* Not for the world, I should powre blood on blood;  
It were another murder to accuse  
Him that fell innocent.

*Rol.* Away with him, hence, haile him straight to execution.

*Aub.* Farre fly such rigour your amendsfull hand.

*Rol.* He perishes with him that speaks for him;  
Guard doe thy office on him, on your lives-paine.

*Gif.* Tyrant, twill haste thy owne death.

*Rol.* Let it wing it,  
He threatens me; Villaines tear him piece-meale hence.

*Guard.* Avant sir.

*Ham.* Force him hence.

*Rol.* Dispatch him Captaine,  
And bring me instant word he is dispatched.  
And how his retriike takes it.

*Ham.*



## *The bloody Brother.*

**Ham.** Ile not faile fir.

**Rel.** Captaine, besides remember this in chiefe;  
That being executed you denie  
To all his friends the rits of funerals,  
And cast his carcase out to dogges and fowles.

**Ham.** Tis done my Lord.

**Rel.** Vpon your life not faile.

**Bal.** What impious daring is there here of heaven?

**Rel.** Sir now prepare your selfe against the people,  
Make here their entry to discharge the Oration,  
He hath denied my will.

**Bal.** For feare of death? ha, ha, ha,

**Rel.** Is death ridiculous with you?  
Workes misery of age this, or thy judgement?

**Bal.** Iudgement false tyrant.

**Rel.** Youle make no Oration then?

**Bal.** Not to excuse, but aggravate thy murther if thou wilt;  
which I will so enforce, Ile make thee wreake it  
(With hate of what thou win'st by't) on thy selfe,  
With such another justly merited murther.

**Rel.** Ile answer you anon.

*Enter Laterch.*

**Lat.** The citizens are halting fir in heapes, all full resolv'd  
By my perswasions of your brothers Treasons:

**Rel.** Honest Laterch.

*Enter Hamond.*

**Ha.** See fir, here's *Gisberts* head.

**Rel.** Good speed; wast with a sword?

**Ha.** An axe fir.

**Rel.** An axe, twas vildely done, I would have had  
My owne fine Headsman done it with a sword:  
Goe, take this dotard here, and take his head  
Off with a sword.

**Ha.** Your Schoolemaster?

**Rel.** Even he.



*The bloody Brother.*

*Bal.* For teaching thee no better ; tis the best  
Of all thy damned justices ; away  
Captaine, Ile follow. (and fury)

*Ed.* Oh stay there Duke, and in the midst of all thy blood  
Hearc a poore maides petitions, here a daughter,  
The onely daughter of a wretched father ;  
Oh stay your haste as you shall neede this mercy.

*Rol.* Away with this fond woman.

*Ed.* You must heare me,  
If there be any sparke of pittie in you,  
If sweete humanity and mercy rule you ;  
I doe confesse you are a Prince, your anger  
As great as you, your execution greater.

*Rol.* Away with him.

*Ed.* Oh Captaine, by thy manhood  
By her soft soule that beare thee, I doe confesse  
Your doome of justice on your foes most righteous ;  
Good noble Prince looke on men

*Rol.* Take her from me.

*Ed.* A curse upon his life that binders me ;  
May fathers blessing never fall upon him,  
May heaven never heare his prayers : I beseech you,  
Oh sir, these few teares beseech you ; these chaste hands wooc  
That never yet were heav'd but to things holy. (you  
Things like your selfe you are a God above us ;  
Be as a God then, full of saving mercy ;  
Mercy, oh mercy, for his sake mercy ;  
That when your stout heart weepes shall give you pittie ;  
Here I must grow.

*Rol.* By heaven Ile strike thee woman.

*Ed.* Most willingly, let all thy anger leeke me  
All the most studied torments, to this good man,  
This old man, and this innocent escape thee

*Rol.* Carry him away I say.

*Ed.* Now blessing on thee, oh sweet pittie,  
I see it in thy eyes. I charge you souldiers  
Even by the Princes power, release my father ;



*The bloody Brother.*

The Prince is mercifull, why doe you hold him?  
He is old, why doe you hurt him? speake, oh speake [fir];  
Speake, as you are a man; a mans life hangs fir,  
A friends life, and a foster life upon you:  
Tis but a word, but mercy, quickly spoke fir;  
Oh speake Prince, speake.

*Rol.* Will no man here obey me?  
Have I no rule yet? as I live he dies  
That does not execute my will, and suddenly. (me.)

*Bal.* All that thou canst doe, takes but one short houre from

*Rol.* Hew off her hands.

*Ham.* Lady hold off.

*Ed.* No hew'm,

Hew off my innocent hands as he commands you,

*Exit Guard, Count Bald.*

They'le hang the faster on for deaths convulsion;  
Thou seede of rocks, will nothing move thee then?  
Are all my teares lost? all my righteous prayers  
Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand thus then  
Thus boldly, bloody Tyrant,  
And to thy face in heavens high name defie thee;  
And may sweet mercy when thy soule sighes for it,  
When under thy blacke mischiefs thy flesh trembles,  
When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends, nor gold  
Can stay one houre, when thy most wretched conscience  
Wak'd from her dreame of death like fire shall melt thee,  
When all thy mothers teares, thy brothers wounds,  
Thy peoples feares and curses, and my losse,  
My aged fathers losse shall stand before thee.

*Rol.* Save him I say, runne, save him, save her father  
Elic and redceme his head.

*Exit Latorch.*

*Ed.* May then that pittie,  
That comfort thou expect'it from heaven, that mercy  
Be lock't up from thee, fly thee, howling find thee,  
Despaire, oh my sweete father, stormes of terrors,  
Blood till thou burst againe.

*Rol.* Oh faire sweet anger.



## The Bloody Brother.

*Enter Eutorch and Hamond with a head.*

**Lat.** I am two late fir, twas dispatch'd before.  
And his head is here.

**Rol.** And my heart there; goe bury him.  
Give him faire rites of funerall, decent honours.

**Ed.** Wilt thou not take me monster? heighest heaven  
Give him a punishment fit for his mischiefe.

**Lat.** I feare thy prayer is heard, and he rewarded;  
Lady have patience, twas unhappy speed;  
Blame not the Duke, twas not his fault, but fates;  
He sent, you know to stay it, and commanded  
In care of you, the heavie object hence  
Soone as it came? have better thoughts of him.

*Enter Citizen.*

**Cit. 1.** Where's this young Traytor?

**Lat.** Noble citizens, here;  
And here the wounds he gave your soveraigne Lord.

**Cit. 1.** This Prince of force must be  
Belov'd of heaven, whom heaven hath thus preserv'd.

**Cit. 2.** And if he be belov'd of heaven, you know,  
He must be just, and all his actions so.

**Rol.** Concluded like an Oracle, oh how great  
A grace of heaven is a wise Citizen?  
For heaven tis makes them wise, as 't makes me just,  
As it preserves me, as I now survive  
By his strong hand to keepe you all alive;  
Your wives, your children, goods and lands kept yours;  
That had beene else preyes to his tyrannous power,  
That would have prey'd on me, in bad assaulted me  
In sacred time of peace; my mother here,  
My sister, this just Lord, and all had felt  
The curtian gulph of this conspiracie,  
Of which my Tutor and my Chancellour,  
Two of the gravest and most counted honest  
In all my Dukedome) were the monstrous heads;  
Oh trust no honest men for their sakes ever  
My polittique Citizens, but those that breathe



## **The bloody Brother.**

The names of Cut-throats, usurers and Tyrants;  
Oh those belceve in, for the foule mouth'd world;  
Can give no better termes to simple goodnesse:  
Even me it dares blaspheme, and thinkes me tyrannous  
For saving my owne life, fought by my brother:  
Yet those that fought his life before by poyson  
(Though my owne servants, hoping to please me)  
He lead to death fort, which your eyes shall see.

*Cit. 1.* Why, what a Prince is here?

*Cit. 2.* How just?

*Cit. 3.* How gentle?

*Rot.* Well, now my dearest subjects; or much rather  
My nerves, my spirits, or my vitall blood;  
Turne to your needfull rest, and settled peace;  
Fixt in this roote of Steele, from whence it sprung  
In heavens great helpe and blessing: but ere sleepe  
Bind in his sweet oblivion your dull senses,  
The name and verme of heavens King; advance  
For yours, is chiefe for my deliverance.

*Cit.* Heaven and his King save our most pious sovereigns.

*Exit Citizens.*

*Rot.* Thankes my good people: mother and kind sister,  
And you my noble kinsmen, things borne thus,  
Shall make you all command what ever I  
Enjoy in this my absolute Empery.  
Take in the body of my princely brother;  
For whose death, since his fate no other way,  
Would give my eldest birth his supreme right;  
We'll mourne the cruell influence it beares,  
And wash his sepulcher with kindly teares.

*Sub.* If this game end thus, heavens will rule the rest.  
What we have yeelded to, we could not let.

*Exit omnes, Prater, Latorch, and Edith*

*Lar.* Good Lady rise, and raise your spirits withall;  
More high than they are humbled; you have cause,  
As much as ever honour'd happiest Lady;  
And when your cares are freer to take in  
Your most amendfull and unmatched fortunes;

*Re:*



## The bloody Brother.

He make you drowne a hundred helpelesse deaths,  
In sea of one life pow'd into your bosome,  
With which shall flow into your armes, the riches,  
The pleasures, honours, and the rules of Peince,  
Which though death stop your eares, methinks should open  
Assay to forget death.

*Ed.* Oh slaughter'd father.

*Lat.* Taste of what cannot be redress'd, and bleesse  
The fate that yet you curse so, since for that  
You spake so movingly, and your sweet eyes  
With so much grace fill'd, that you set on fire  
The Dukes affection, whom you now may rule.  
As he rules all his Dukedome, is't not sweet?  
Does it not shine away your sorrowes clouds?  
Sweet Lady, take wife heart, and heare, and tell me,

*Ed.* I heare no word you speake.

*Lat.* Prepare to heare then,  
And be not barr'd up from your selfe, nor adde  
To your ill fortune with your farre worse judgement.  
Make me your servant to attend with all joyes  
Your sad estate, till they both bleesse and speake it:  
See how they'le bow to you, make me waite, command me  
To watch out every minute, for the stay  
Your modest sorrow fancies, raise your graces,  
And doe my hopes the honour of your motion,  
To all the offered heights that now attend you:  
Oh how your touches ravish? how the Duke  
Is slaine already with your flames embrac'd?  
I [will both serve and visite you, and often.

*Ed.* I am not fit sir.

*Lat.* Time will make you Lady.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus.*



# *The Bloody Brother.*

## Act III. Scene II.

*Enter the Guard, 3 or 4 boyes, then the Shreriffe, Cooke,  
Yeoman of the Cellar, Butler, Pantler to execution.*

*Guard 1.* Come bring in these fellows, on, away with them.

*Guard 2.* Make roome before there, roome for the prisoners.

*Boy 1.* Let's run before boyes, we shall have no places else.

*Boy 2.* Are these the youths?

*Cook.* These are the youths you look for,  
And, pray my honest friends, be not so hasty,  
There will be nothing done till we come, I assure you.

*Boy 3.* Here's a wise hanging, are there no more?

*But.* Doe you heare sir? you may come in for your share  
if you please.

*Coo.* My friend, if you be unprovided of a hanging,  
You look like a good fellow, I can afford you  
A reasonable peny-worth.

*Boy 2.* Afore, afore boyes, here's enough to make us sport.

*Yeo.* Pox take you,  
Doe you call this sport? are these your recreations?  
Must we be hang'd to make you mirth?

*Coo.* Doe you heare sir?  
You custard pate, we go to't for high treason,  
An honourable fault: thy foolish father  
Was hang'd for stealing sheepe.

*Boyes* Away, away boyes.

*Coo.* Doe you see how that sneaking rogue looks now?  
You, chip, Pantler, you peaching rogue, that provided us these  
necklaces: you poore rogue, you costive rogue you.

*Pant.* Pray, pray, fellowes.

*Coo.* Pray for thy crusty soule? where's your reward now,  
Goodman Manchet, for your fine discovery?  
I doe beseech you sir, where are your dollars?  
Draw with your fellowes, and be hang'd.



## The Bloody Brother.

*Yeo.* He must now.

For now he shall be hang'd first, that's his comfort,  
A place too good for thee, thou meale mouth'd rascall.

*Coo.* Hang handsomely for shame, come leave your praying  
You peaking knave, and die like a good courtier;  
Die honestly, and like a man; no preaching,  
With I beseech you take example by me,  
I liv'd a lewd man, good people; pox ont:  
Die me as if thou hadst din'd, say grace, and God be with you.

*Guard.* Come, will you forward?

*Cook.* Good Mr Sheriffe, your leave to, this hasty work  
Was nere done well; give us so much time as but to sing  
Our owne Ballads, for wee trust no man,  
Nor no tune but our owne; twas done in Ale too,  
And therefore cannot be refus'd in justice.  
Your penny pot Poets are such pelting thieves,  
They ever hang men twice; we have it here fir,  
And so must every merchant of our voyage,  
Hele make a sweet returne else of his credit.

*Yeo.* One fit of our owne mirth, and then we are for you.

*Gu.* Make haste then, dispatch.

*Yeo.* There's day enough, fir.

*Coo.* Come boyes, sing cheerfully, we shall nere sing yonger.  
We have chosen a loud tune too, because it should like well.

### The Song

Come, Fortune's a whore, I care not who tell her,  
Would offer to strangle a page of the Cellar,  
That should by his oath, to any mans thinking,  
And place, have had a defence for his drinking;  
But thus she does still, when she pleases to palter,  
In stead of his wages, she gives him a halter.

Three merry boyes, and three merry boyes, and three merry  
boyes are we,  
As ever did sing in a hempen string, under the gallow-tree.

*But*



## The Bloody Brother.

2

But I that was so lusty,  
And ever kept my bottles,  
That neither they were musty,  
And seldome lesse than pottles,  
For me to be thus stopt now,  
With hemp in stead of cork sir,  
And from the gallows lopt now,  
Shewes that there is a fork sir,  
In death, and this the token,  
Man may be two wayes killed,  
Or like the bottle, broken,  
Or like the wine, be spilled.

Three merry boyes, &c

3

Oh yet but look on the master Cook, the glory of the kitchen,  
In sowing whose fate at so lofty a rate, no Taylor ere had stitching,  
For though he makes the man, the Cooke yet makes the dishes;  
The which no Taylor can, wherein I have my wishes,  
That I who at so many a feast have pleasde so many tasters,  
Should now my selfe come to be drest, a dish for you my masters.

Three merry boyes, &c.

Coo. There's a few coppies for you; now farewell friends:  
And good Mr Sheriffe, let me not be printed  
With a brasse pot on my head.

But. March faire, march faire, afore good Captain Pantler.

4

Pant. Oh man or beast, or you at least,  
That weare or brow or antler,  
Prick up your eares, unto the teares  
Of me poore Paul the Pantler,  
That thus am clipt because I chipt  
The cursed crust of Treason  
With loyall knife: Oh dolefull strife,  
To hang thus without reason.



# The Bloody Brother.

## Act IV. Scene I.

*Enter Aubrey and Latorch.*

**L** *Latorch*, I have wayted here to speak with you;  
And you must hearken: Set not forth your legs  
Of haste, nor put your face of businesse on;  
An honeste affaire than this I urge too,  
You will not easily think on; and twill be  
Reward to entertaine it: Tis your fortune  
To have our Masters care above the rest  
Of us that follow him, but that no man envies:-  
For I have well considered, truth sometimes  
May be conveyd in by the same conduits  
That falshood is: These courses that he takes,  
Cannot but end in ruine; Empire got  
By blood and violence, must so be held;  
And how unsafe that is, he first will prove,  
That toyling still to remove enemies,  
Makes him selfe more; it is not now a Brother  
A faithfull Councellour of estate or two,  
That are his danger, they are far dispatch'd  
It is a multitude that begin to feare,  
And think what began there, must end in them,  
For all the fine Oration that was made'em;  
And they are not an easie monster quell'd.  
Princes may pick their suffering Nobles out;  
And one by one employ em to the block; but when they once  
grow formidable to their clownes, and coblers, ware then, guard  
themselves; if thou durst tell him this, *Latorche*, the service  
would not discredit the good name you hold with men, be-  
sides the profit to your matter, and the publick.

*Lat.* I conceive not so, sir. (fancy?)  
They are ayrie feares; and why should I object them unto his  
Wound what is yet sound? your counsailes colour not,

With



## *The Bloody Brother.*

With reason of state, where all thats necessary still is just ?  
The actions of the prince, while they succeed,  
Should be made good, and glorified; not questiond,  
Men doe but shew their ill affections, that ———

*Aub.* What ? speak out.

*Lat.* Doe murmur against their masters.

*Aub.* Is this to mee ?

*Lat.* It is to whosoever mislikes of the Dukes courses.

*Aub.* I, ist so ? at your stateward, sir ?

*Lat.* I'me sworne to heare nothing may prejudice the prince.

*Aub.* Why doe you ? or have you, ha ?

*Lat.* I cannot tel, mens hearts shew in their words sometimes.

*Aub.* I ever thought thee

Knave of the chamber, art ihou the spy too ?

*Lat.* A watchman for the state, and one that's known  
Sir, to be rightly affected.

*Aub.* Baud of the state ;

No lesse than of thy masters lusts. I now

See nothing can redeem thee ; doest thou mention

Affection, or a heart that ne're hadst any ?

Know'st not to love or hate, but by the state,

As thy prince does't before thee ? that dost never

Weare thy owne face, but putt'st on his, and gather'st

Baits for his cares : liv'st wholly at his beck,

And e're thou dar'st utter a thought's thine owne,

Must expect his ; crep'st forth and wad'st into him.

As if thou wert to passe a foord, there proving

Yet if thy tongue may step on safely, or no :

Then bring'st his vertue asleep, and stayst the wheele

Both of his reason, and judgement, that they move not.

Whit'st over all his vices ; and at last

Dost draw a cloud of words before his eyes,

Till hee can neither see thee, nor himselfe ?

Wretch ; I dare give him honest counsailes, I ;

And love him while I tell him truth : old *Aubrey*

Dares goethe straightest way, which still's the shortest,

Walke on the thornes thou scatter'st, Parasite,



## *The Bloody Brother.*

And tread'em into nothing: and if thou  
Then lett'st a look fall, of the least dislike,  
Ile rip thy crown up with my sword at height,  
And pluck thy skin over thy face: in sight  
Of him thou flatter'st; unto thee I speak it,  
Slave, against whom all lawes, should now conspire,  
And every creature that hath sense, be armd,  
As 'gainst the common enemy of mankind;  
That sleepest within thy masters eare, and whisp'erst  
Tis better for him to be feard, than lov'd:  
Bidst him trust no mans freindship, spare no blood,  
That may secure him; tis no cruelty  
That hath a spacious end; for soverainty  
Break all the lawes of kind; if it succeed  
An honest, noble, and prayse-worthy deed;  
While hee that takes thy poysons in, shall feele  
Their virulent workings in a poynt of time,  
When no repentance can bring ayd, but all  
His spirits shall melt, with what his conscience burnd  
And dying in flatterers armes, shall fall unmournd.  
Theres matter for you now.

*Lat.* My lord, this makes not, for loving of my master.

*Aub.* Loving? no.

They hate ill Princes most that make them so.

*Enter Rollo, Hamand, Allan, Guard.*

*Rol.* Ile heare no more.

*Ham.* Alas, tis for my brother. I beseech your highnesse.

*Rol.* How, a brother? had not I one my selfe? did title  
Move mee when it was fit that hee should dye? away.

*All.* Brother, loose no word more, leave my good cause  
T'upbraide the tyrant, I'me glad, 'me falne,  
Now in those times that willd some great example  
T'assure men wee can die for honesty.

*Rol.* Sir, you are brave; pray that you hold your neck  
As bravely forth anon unto your headsmen.

*All.* Would hee would strike as bravely, and thou by.

*Rol.*



## *The Bloody Brother.*

*Rollo*, t'would make thee quake to see mee die.

*Aub.* Whats his offence?

*Ham.* For giving *Gisbert* buriall; who was sometimes his

*All.* Yes: lord *Aubery*.

(master.

My gratitude, and humanity, are my crimes.

*Rol.* Why beare you him not hence?

*Aub.* My lord (stay souldiers)

I doe beseech your highnesse, doe not loose  
Such men for so slight causes. This is one  
Has still been faithfull to you, a tryde soule  
In all your fathers battailes; I have scene him  
Bestride a friend, against a score of foes,  
And looke, he looks as hee would kill his hundred  
For you, sir, were you in some danger.

*All.* Till hee kild his brother, his chancellor, then his  
Master, to which he can adde nought to equall *Nero*,  
But killing of his mother.

*Aub.* Peace, brave foole;

Thou valiant asse, here is his brother too, sir,  
A captaine of your guard, hath servd you long,  
With the most noble witnesse of his truth  
Markd in his face, and every part about him,  
That turnes not from an enemy. But view him,  
Oh doe not grieve him sir, if you doe meane  
That hee shall hold his place: it is not safe  
To tempt such spirits, and let them weare their swords,  
You'll make your guards your terrours by these Acts,  
And throw more hearts of from you then you hold:  
And I must tell you sir, (with my old freedome  
And my old faith to boot) you have not livd so  
But that your state will need such men, such hands,  
Of which heres one, shall in an houre of tryall  
Doe you more certaine service with a stroak,  
Than the whole bundle of your flatterers  
With all the unsavory unction of their tongues.

*Rol.* Peace, talker.

*Aub.* Onethat loves you yet, my lord.

And would not see you pull on your owne ruines.

Mercy;



## *The Bloody Brother.*

Mercy becomes a Prince, and guards him best,  
Awe and affrights are never tyers of Love;  
And when men begin to feare the Prince, they hate him.

*Rol.* Am I the Prince, or you?

*Aub.* My Lord I hope I have not utterd ought should urge  
that question.

*Rol.* Then practise your obedience, see him dead.

*Aub.* My Lord,

*Rol.* Ile heare no more.

*Aub.* I'me sorry then; theres no small despaire, sir, of their  
safety, whose eares are blockt up against truth; come Captain.

*Ham.* I thank you, sir.

*Aub.* For what? for seeing thy brother dye a man, and honest?  
Live thou so Captaine, I will I assure thee,  
Although I die for't too: come— *Exeunt all but Rollo & Lator*

*Rol.* Now *Latorche*, what doe you think? (the boldest

*Lat.* That *Aubreys* speech and manners found somewhat of

*Rol.* Tis his custome.

*Lat.* It may be so, and yet be worth a feare. (ly too.

*Rol.* If we thought so, it should be worth his life, and quick-

*Lat.* I dare not, sir, be author

Of what I would be, tis so dangerous;

But with your highnesse favour and your licence.

*Rol.* He talks, tis true; he is licenc'd: leave him,

We now are Duke alone, *Latorche*, securd;

Nothing left standing to obscure our prospect,

We look right forth, beside, and round about us,

And see it ours with pleasure: only one

Wish'd joy there wants, to make us to possesse it,

And that is *Edith*, *Edith*, shee that got me

In bloud and teares, in such an opposite minute,

As had I not once set all the flames

And shaft of Love shot in me (his whole armory)

I should have thought him as farre off as death.

*Lat.* My Lord, expect a while, your happinesse

Is neerer than you think it, yet her griefes

Are greene and fresh; your vigilant *Latorche*

Hath



## The Bloody Brother.

Hath not been idle : I have leave already  
To visite her, and send to her.

*Rol.* My life.

*Lat.* And if I find not out as speedie wayes  
And proper instruments to work and bring her  
To your fruition ; that she be not watch'd  
Tame to your Highnesse with, say you have no servant  
Is capable of such a trust about you,  
Or worthy to be secretary of your pleasure.

*Rol.* Oh my *Latarche*, what shall I render thee  
For all thy travailes, care and love? (me.

*Lat.* Sir, one suit, which I will ever importune, till you grant

*Rol.* About your *Mathematitians* ?

*Lat.* Yes to have  
The Scheme of your nativity judg'd by them,  
I hav't already erected ; Oh my Lord,  
You doe not know the labour of my feares,  
My doubts for you are such as cannot hope  
Any security, but from the Starres ;  
Who, being rightly ask'd, can tell man more  
Than all power else, there being no power beyond them.

*Rol.* All thy petitions still are care of us,  
Aske for thy selfe.

*Lat.* What more can concerne me, than this?

*Rol.* Well, rise true honest man, and goe then,  
Wee'le study our selves a meanes how to reward thee.

*Lat.* Your grace is now inspir'd ; now, now your Highnesse  
Beginsto live, from this houre count your joyes :  
But, Sir, I must have warrants, with blanks figurd,  
To put in names, such as I like.

*Rol.* You shall.

*Lat.* They dare not else offer, Sir, at your figure ;  
Oh I shall bring you wonders ; ther's a Frier  
*Rufee*, an admirable man, another  
A gentleman, and then *Lafiske*,  
The mirrour of his time ; 'twas he that sett it.  
But there's one *Norbret*, (him I never saw)



## The Bloody Brother.

Has made a mirroure, a meere Looking-glasse,  
In shew you'd think't no other; the forme ovall,  
As I am given to understand by letter,  
Which renders you such shapes, and those so differing,  
And some that will be question'd and give answers;  
Then has he sett it in a frame, that wrought  
Unto the revolutions of the Starres,  
And so compact by due proportions  
Unto their harmony, doth move alone  
A true automaton; thus *Dedalus* Statues,  
Or *Vulcans* Toolles ———

*Rol.* Dost thou beleeve this?

*Lat.* Sir? why, what should stay my faith, or turn my sense?  
He has been about it above twentie yeares,  
Three sevens, the powerfull, and the perfect numbers;  
And Art and Time, Sir, can produce such things.  
What doe I reade there of *Hiarbas* banquet?  
The great *Gymnosophist*, that had his Butlers  
And carvers of pure gold waiting at table?  
The images of *Mercury*, too, that spoke?  
The wooden dore that flew? a snake of brasse  
That hift? and birds of silver that did sing?  
All those new done by the Mathematicks,  
Without which there's no science, nor no truth.

*Rol.* You are in your spheare, *Latorch*: and rather  
Than Ile contend w' yee for it, Ile beleeve it.  
Y'have won upon me that I wish to see  
My fate before me now, what ere it bee.

*Lat.* And Ile endeavour, you shall know with speed,  
For which I should have one of trust goe with mee,  
If you please, *Hamond*, that I may by him  
Send you my first dispatches; after I  
Shall bring you more, and as they come still more,

*Rol.* Take your way,  
Choose your owne meanes, and be it prosperous to us.

*Exeunt.*



**The Bloody Brother.**

**ACT. IV. SCÆ. II.**

**Enter Rusee, de Bube, la Fiske, Norbert, Pippeau.**

**Rus.** Come, beare up Sirs, we shall have better dayes,  
My Almanack tels me.

**Bub.** What is that? your rumpe?

**Rus.** It never itch'd in vaine yet, slide **la Fiske**  
Throw off thy flaggish face, I cannot abide  
To see thee tooke like a poore Jade i'th' pound,  
That saw no meat these three dayes.

**Fiske.** Slight, to me  
It seemes thirteene dayes since I saw any.

**Rus.** How?

**Fis.** I can't remember that I ever saw  
Or meat or money, you may talke of both  
To open a mans stomach or his purse,  
But feed'em still with ayre.

**Bub.** Fryar, I feare  
You do not say your Office well a dayes.

**Nor.** Pox, he feedes  
With leachery, and lives upon th' exchange  
Of his two Eggs and Puddings with the market women.

**Rus.** And what do you Sir, with the Advocats wife,  
Whom you perswade, upon your Doctorall bed,  
To take the Mathematicall trance so often?

**Fis.** Come, we are starke naught all, bad's the best of us,  
Foure of the seven deadly spots we are,  
Besides our Lechery, we are envious,  
And most, most gluttonous when we have it thus,  
Most covetous now we want it, then our Boy  
He is a fift spot, sloth and he undoes us. (ous,

**Bub.** 'Tis true, the child was wont to be industri-  
And now and then sent to a Merchants wife



## The bloody Brother

Sicke of the husband, or a swearing Butler  
That mist of his Bowles, a crying Maid  
Had lost a silver spoon; the Curry come  
Sometims was wanting; there was something gotten;  
But now——

*Pip.* What now? Did not I yester-morning  
Bring you in a Cardecu there from the Pefant,  
Whofe affe I had driven aside, and hid, that you  
Might conjure for him? and then last night  
Six Souz from the Cooks wife, you shaid among you  
To set a figure for the Bottle I stole,  
It is not at home yet; these things, my Masters,  
In a hard time, they would be thought on, you  
Talke of your lands and Castles in the byre,  
Of your twelve houses there: but it is I  
That bring you in your rents for em, 'tis *Pippem*  
That is your bird-call.

*Nor.* Faith he does well, I can remember that I ever  
And cuts through the Elements for us, I must needs  
In a fine dextrous line.

*Fis.* But not as he did—  
At first, then he would sayle with any wind  
Int' every Creek and Corner.

*Pip.* I was light then,  
New built and rigg'd when I came to you, Gentlemen,  
But now with o'een and fir ventring for you  
Here be leaks Sprung, and whole Planks wanting for you;  
If you'le new sheath me againe, yet I am for you  
To any bog or sleights, where ere you'le send me,  
For as I am, where can this ragged Bark  
Put in for any service; lest it be  
O'th Isle of Rogues, and thereatime Pyrate for you.

*Nor.* Faith he sayes reason, Fryer, you must leave  
Your neat crispe Glaster, and fall to your Syder  
Awhile; and you, *Fiske*, your larded Capons,  
And Turkeys for a time, and take a good  
Cleane Tripe in your way; de Babe, you must content him with  
wholsome



# The bloody Brother.

wholesome two Souz'd peticoes, no more Crown-ordinaries, till we have cloath'd our Infant.

*Bub.* So you'll keep Your own good motions, Doctor, your deare selfe.

*Fis.* Yes, for we all do know the Latitude Of your Concupiscence.

*Rus.* Here about your belly.

*Bub.* You'll pick a bottle open or a whimsey, As soon as the best of us.

*Fis.* And dip your wrists bands, (For Cuffs y' have none) as comely in the sauce As any Courtier — hark, the Bell, who is there

*Rus.* Good luck I do conjure thee; Boy look out.

*Pip.* They are Gallants, Courtiers, one of 'em is Of the Dukes bed-chamber.

*Rus.* Latorche, down, On with your gown, there's a new suite arriv'd, Did I not tell you, Sons of hunger? Crowns, Crowns are comming toward you, wine & wenches You shall have once again, and Fiddlers: Into your studyes close; each lay his eare To his doore, and as you heare me to prepare you So come, and put me on that visard only.

*Enter Latorche, Hammond.*

*Lat.* You'll not be far hence Captain, when the Businesse is done you shall receive present dispatch.

*Him.* Ile walke Sir, in the Cloyster.

*Rus.* Monsieur Latorche; my Sonne The Stars are happy still that guide you hither.

*Lat.* I'me glad to heare their Secretary say so, My learned Father *Rus.* where's the Duke, Monsieur de Bube, how do they?

*Rus.* At their studyes, They are the Secretaries of the Stars, Sir, Still at their books, they will not be pull'd off, They stick like cupping glassees; if ever men Spoke with the tongue of destiny, 'tis they.



## The Bloody Brother.

**Lat.** For loves sake let's salute em.

**Rus.** Boy, go see,  
Tell them who's here, say, that their friends do chal-  
Some portion of their time, this is our minutes;  
Pray'em they'le spare it: they are the Sun and Moon  
Of knowledge; pittie two such noble lights  
Should live obscur'd here in an University,  
Whose beames were fit, to illumine any Court  
Of Christendome.

*Enter la Fiske, de Bube and Pippean.*

**Lat.** The Duke will shortly know 'em.

**Fis.** Well, look upon the Astrolabe; you'll find it  
Foure Almucanturies at least.

**Bub.** It is so.

**Rus.** Still, of their learned stuffe, they care for no-  
But how to know, as negligent of their bodies  
In dyer, or else, especially in their cloths,  
As if they had no change.

**Pip.** They have so little  
As well may free them from the name of shifters.

**Fis.** Monsieur Latorche?

**Lat.** How is it, learned Gentlemen, with both your vertues?

**Bub.** A most happy houre, when we see you, sir.

**Lat.** When you heare me then  
It will be happier; the Duke greets you both  
Thus, and though you may touch no money, Father,  
Yet you may take it.

**Rus.** 'Tis his highnesse bounty,  
But yet to me, and these that have put off  
The world, superfluons.

**Fis.** We have heard of late of his highnesse good successe.

**Bub.** And gratulate it.

**Lat.** Indeed he hath scap'd a strange Conspiracy,  
Thanks to his Stars; which Stars he prays by me,  
You would again consult, and make a judgement  
On what you lately erected for my love.

**Rus.** Oh, Sir, we dare not.

**Fis.**



## The Bloody Brother.

**Fis.** For our lives.

**Bub.** It is the Princes Scheame.

**Lat.** T'incounter with that feare,

Here's to assure you, his Signet, write your names,  
And be secured all three.

**Bub.** We must intreat some time, sir,

**Lat.** I must then intreat it, be as present as you can.

**Fis.** Have you the Scheame here?

**Lat.** Yes.

**Ruf.** I would you had sir another Warrant.

**Dat.** What would that do?

(finesse)

**Ruf.** Marry we have a Doctor sir, that in this bu-  
Would not performe the second part.

**Lat.** Not him that you writ to me of?

**Ruf.** The very same.

**Lat.** I should have made it, sir, my suite to see him,  
Here is a Warrant Father, I conceiv'd  
That he had solely applyed himselfe to Magick.

**Ruf.** And to their studies too sir, in this field,  
He was initiated, but we shall hardly  
Draw him from his chaire.

**Lat.** Tell him he shall have gold. (swear)

**Fis.** Oh, such a fillable would make him to for-  
Ever to breath in your sight.

**Lat.** How then?

**Fis.** Sir, he if you do please to give him any thing,  
Must have't convey'd under a paper.

**Ruf.** Or left behind some book in his study.

**Bub.** Or in some old wall.

**Fis.** Where his Familiars may tell him of it, and that pleases

**Bub.** Or else Ile go and assay him.

(him, Sir.

**Lat.** Take gold with you.

**Ruf.** That will not be amisse; give it the Boy, Sir,  
He knowes his holes, and how to baite his Spirits.

**Pip.** We must lay in severall places, Sir.

**Ruf.** That's true, that if one come not the other may hit.

**Lat.** Well, go then, is he so learned, Gentlemen.

**Fis.** The very top of our profession; mouth of the fates,



## The bloody Brother.

Pray Heaven his Spirits be in a good humor to take.  
They'le fling the gold about the house else.

*Bub.* I, and beat the Fryer if he go not well  
Furnisht with holy-water.

*Fis.* Sir, you must observe him.

*Bub.* Not crosse him in a word, for then he's gone.

*Fis.* If he doe come, which is hazard, yet  
Masse he's here, this is speed.

*Enter Norbert, Russe, Pippeau.*

*Nor.* Where is our Scheme,  
Let's see, dispatch, nay fumbling now, who's this?

*Rus.* Chiefe Gentleman of the Dukes Chamber, Doctor.

*Nor.* Oh, let him be, good even to him, he's a Courtier,  
Ile spare his Complement, tell him, what's here?  
The geniture Nocturnall, Longitude

At forty nine and ten minutes? How are the Cardines?

*Fis.* Libra in twenty four forty four minutes,  
And Capricorne.

*Nor.* I see it, see the Planets,  
Where, how are they dispos'd? the Sun and Mercury,  
Mars with the Dragons tayle in the third house.

And pars Fortune in the *Ima Caeli*,  
Then Jupiter in the twelve, the *Cacodemon*.

*Bub.* And Venus in the second *Inferna Porta*.

*Nor.* I see it, peace, then Saturne in the Fifth,  
Luna i'th Seventh, and much of Scorpio,  
Then Mars his *Gaudium*, rising in this cendent,  
And joyn'd with Libra too, the house of Venus,  
And *Junia Caeli*, Mars his exaltation  
In the seventh house, Aries being his naturall house  
And where he is now seated, and all these shew him  
To be the Almuter.

*Rus.* Yes, he's Lord of the Geniture,  
Whether you examine it by *Ptolameys* way,  
Or *Messethales*, *Laet*, or *Alkindus*.

*Fis.* No other Planet hath so many dignities  
Either by himselfe, or in regard of the Cuspes,

*Nor.* The very top of our profession; mouth of the face.



## The bloody Brother.

**Nor.** Why hold your tongue then if you know it; Venus  
The Lady of the Horoscope, being Libra  
The other part, Mars rules: So that the geniture,  
Being Nocturnall, Luna is the highest,  
None else being in sufficient dignity,  
She being in Aries in the Seventh house,  
Where Sol exalted, is the Alchoroden.

**Bub.** Yes, for you see he hath his Terminus  
In the degrees where she is, and enjoys  
By that, six dignities.

**Fis.** Which are clearly more  
Than any else that view her in the Scheame.

**Nor.** Why I saw this, and could have told you too,  
That he beholds her with a Trine aspect  
Here out of Sagitary, almost partly,  
And how that Mars out of the selfesame house,  
(But another Signe) here by a Platique aspect  
Looks at the Hilege, with a Quartile ruling  
The house where the Sun is; all this could I  
Have told you, but that you'le outrun me, & more,  
That this same Quartile aspect to the Lady of life,  
Here in the seventh, promises some danger,  
*Cauda Draconis* being so neere Mars,  
And *Caput Algell* in the house of Death.

**Lat.** How Sir? I pray you cleare that.

**Nor.** What is the question first?

**Rus.** Of the Dukes life, what dangers threaten him?

**Nor.** Apparent, & those suddaine, when the Hyley  
Or Alchorodon by direction come  
To a Quartile opposition of the place  
Where Mars is in the Geniture (which is now  
At hand) or else oppose to Mars himself; expect it.

**Lat.** But they may be prevented.

**Nor.** Wisdome only  
That rules the Stars, may do it; for Mars being  
Lord of the Geniture in Capricorne,  
Is, if you marke it, now a Sextile here,

With



## The Bloody Brother.

With Venus Lady of the Horoscope.  
So she being in her Exilium, which is Scorpio,  
And Mars his Gaudium, is ore rul'd by him,  
And cleare debilitated five degrees  
Beneath her ordinary power, so  
That, at the most she can but mittigate.

*Lat.* You cannot name the persons bring this danger?

*Nor.* No, that the Stars tell us not, they name no man,  
That is a worke, fir, of another place.

*Ruf.* Tell him whom you suspect, and hee'le guesse shrewdly.

*Lat.* Sir, we do feare one *Aubrey*; if'twere he  
I should be glad; for we should soon prevent him.

*Fis.* I know him, the Dukes kinsman, a tall man?  
Lay hold of't *Norbret.*

*Nor.* Let me pause a little,  
Is he not neare of kin unto the Duke?

*Lat.* Yes reverend Sir.

*Lat.* Fart for your reverence, keep it till then; and somewhat

*Lat.* He is so. (high of stature?)

*Nor.* How old is he?

*Fis.* About seven and fifty.

*Nor.* His head and beard inclining to be grey.

*Lat.* Right, Sir.

*Fis.* And fat?

*Nor.* He is somewhat corpulent, is he not?

*Lat.* You speak the man, fir.

*Nor.* Well, look to him, farewell. *Exit Norb.*

*Lat.* Oh, it is *Aubrey*; gentlemen, I pray you,  
Let me receive this under all your hands.

*Ruf.* Why, he will shew you him in his Magick glasse  
If you intreate him, and but gratifie  
A Spirit or two more.

*Lat.* He shall eat gold  
If he will have it, so shall you all; ther's that  
Amongst you first, let me have this to send  
The Duke in the meane time; and then what sights  
You please to shew; Ile have you so rewarded,

As



## The Bloody Brother.

As never Artifts were, you shall to Court  
Along with me, and there wait your fortunes.

*Bub.* We have a pretty part of't in our pockets;  
Boy we will all be new, you shall along to. *Exeunt.*

### ACT. III. SCÆ. III.

*Enter Sophia, Matilda, Edith.*

*Mat.* Good Madam heare the suit that *Edith* urges  
With such submisſe beſeeches; nor remaine  
So ſtrictly bound to ſorrow for your ſonne,  
That nothing elſe, though never ſo befitting,  
Obtaines your eares, or obſervation.

*Sop.* What would ſhe ſay? I heare.

*Edith.* My ſuit is, Madam,  
That you would pleaſe to thinke aſwell of Juſtice  
Due to your ſonnes revenge, as of more wrong added  
To both your ſelves for it, in only grieving.  
Th'undaunted power of Princes, ſhould not be  
Confin'd in deedleſſe cold calamity;  
Anger, the Twinne of ſorrow, in your wrongs  
Should not be ſmother'd, when his right of birth  
Claimes th'ayre as well, and force of coming forth.

*Sop.* Sorrow is due already, Anger never  
Should be conceived but where it may be borne  
In ſome fact fit t'employ his active flame,  
That elſe conſumes who beares it, and abides  
Like a falſe ſtarre that quenches as it glides.

*Ed.* I have ſuch means t'employ it as your wiſh  
Can thinke no better, eaſier, or ſecurer;  
And ſuch as but th'honors I intend  
To your partakings; I alone could end:  
But your parts in all dues to crying blood  
For vengeance in the ſhedder, are much greater;

H

And



## The bloody Brother.

And therefore should worke your hands to his slaughter,  
For your consent to which, t'were infinite wrong  
To your severe and most partiall Justice,  
To move you to forget so false a sonne,  
As with a mothers duty made you curse him.

*Mat. Edith*, he is forgot, for any son  
Borne of my mother, or to me a brother.  
For should we still performe our rights to him  
We should partake his wrongs, and as foule be  
In blood and damned paricide as he.

And therefore tell the happy meanes that heaven  
Puts in thy hand, for all our long'd for freedome  
From so abhorr'd and impious a monster.

*Sop.* Tell what she will, I'll lend nor hand nor care  
To whatsoever heaven puts in her power.

*Exit Sophia.*

*Mat.* How strange she is to what she chiefly wishes?  
Sweet *Edith* be not any thought the more  
Discourag'd in thy purpose, but assured  
Her heart and prayers are thine; and that we two  
Shall be enough to all we wish to doe.

*Ed.* Madam, my selfe alone, I make no doubt  
Shall be afforded power enough from heaven  
To end the murtherer: all I wish of you,  
Is but some richer ornaments and Jewels  
Than I am able to provide my selfe,  
To helpe out the defects of my poore beauty;  
That yet hath been enough, as now it is,  
To make his fancy mad with my desire?  
But you know, Madam, women never can,  
Be too faire to torment an amorous man;  
And this mans torments I would heighten still,  
Till at their highest he be fit to kill.

*Mat.* Thou shalt have all my Jewels and my mothers;  
And thou shalt paint too, that his bloods desire  
May make him perish in a painted fire:  
Hast thou been with him yet?



## The bloody Brother.

*Ed.* Beene with him? no;  
I set that houre backe to haste more his longing;  
But I have promis'd to his instruments,  
The admittance of a visit at our house,  
Where yet I would receive him with all lustre  
My sorrow would give leave to, to remove  
Suspition of my purpose.

*Mat.* Thou shalt have  
All I can adde, sweet wench, in Jewels, tyres;  
I'll be my selfe thy dresser; nor may I  
Serve my owne love with a contracted husband  
More sweetly, nor more amply than maist thou  
Thy forward will with his bewitch'd affections;  
Affects thou any personall ayde of mine  
My noblest *Edith*?

*Ed.* Naught but your kinde prayers  
For full effect and speed of my affaire.

*Mat.* They are thine, my *Edith*, as for me, my own;  
For thou well know'st, if blood shed of the best  
Should coole and be forgotten, who would feare  
To shed blood still? or where (alas) were then  
The endlesse love we owe to worthy men?

*Ed.* Love of the worthiest ever blese your highnesse. *Exeunt.*

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## ACT. V. SCÆ. I.

*Enter Rollo with a glasse, Aubrey, and servants.*

*Rol.* I never studied my glasse till now,  
It is exceeding well; now leave me; cozen,  
How takes your eye the object?

*Aub.* I have learn'd  
So much fir of the Courtier, as to say  
Your person do's become your habit;  
But being called unto it by a noble warre,  
Would grace an armour better.

*H 2*

*Rol.*



## The Bloody Brother.

*Rol.* You are still  
For that great Art of which you are the master;  
Yet, I must tell you, that to the encounters  
We oft attempt, arm'd only thus, we bring  
As troubled blood, feares mixt with flattering hopes,  
The danger in the service to as great  
As when we are to charge quite through and through  
The body of an Army.

*Aub.* I'll not argue  
How you may ranke the dangers, but will die in't,  
The ends which they arrive at, are as distant  
In every circumstance, as farre as honor  
Is from shame and repentance.

*Rol.* You are sower?

*Aub.* I would speake my free thoughts, yet not appeare so;  
Nor am I so ambitious of the title  
Of one that dares talke any thing that was  
Against the current of his owne opinion,  
That I affect to speake ought may offend you:  
And therefore gracious Sir, be pleased to thinke  
My manners or discretion have inform'd me  
That I was borne, in all good ends, to serve you;  
And not to checke at what concerns me not:  
I looke not with fore eyes on your rich out-side,  
Nor wracke my thoughts to find out to what purpose  
'Tis now employ'd; I wish it may be good,  
And that, I hope, offends not for a subject  
Towards his Prince in things indifferent;  
To use the austerenesse of a Censuring Care  
Is arrogance, not freedome.

*Rol.* I commend  
This temper in you, and will cherish it,

They come from Rome, Latorch employed you?

*Ham.* True Sir.

*Rol.* I must not now be troubled with a thought  
Of any new designe; good Aubrey read 'em,

*Ent. Hammond with letters.*

And



## *The Bloody Brother.*

And as they shall direct you, use my power,  
Or to reply or execute,

*Aub.* I will sir.

*Rol.* And Captaine, bring a Squadron of our guard  
To th'house that late was *Baldwins*, and there wait me.

*Ham.* I shall.

*Rol.* Some two houres hence.

*Ham.* With my best care.

*Rol.* Inspire me Love, and be thy diety  
Or scorn'd or fear'd, as now thou favour st me. *(Exit Rollo.)*

*Ham.* My stay to do my duty, may be wrongs  
Your Lordships privacy.

*Aub.* Captaine, your love  
Is ever welcome; I intreat your patience  
While I peruse these.

*Ham.* I attend your pleasure.

*Aub.* How's this, a plot on me?

*Ham.* What is contain'd  
In th'letters that I brought, that thus transports him?

*Aub.* To be wrought on by Rogues, and have my head  
Brought to the axe by knaves that cheate for bread?

The Creatures of a parasite, a slave;  
I finde you heare *Latorch*, not wonder at it;

But that this honest Captaine should be made  
His instrument, afflicts me; I le make triall  
Whether his will or weaknesse made him doe it.

Captaine you saw the Duke when he commanded  
I should do what these letters did direct me,

And I presume you thinke I le not neglect  
For feare or favour, to remove all dangers

How nerre soever that man can be to me  
From whom they should have birth.

*Ham.* It is confirm'd.

*Aub.* Nor would you Captaine, I believe, refuse,  
Or for respect of thankfulnesse, or hopes,

To use your sword with fullest confidence  
Where he shall bid you strike.



## The bloody Brother.

*Ham.* I never have done.

*Aub.* Nor will I thinke.

*Ham.* I hope it is not question'd.

*Aub.* The means to have it so, is now propos'd you.  
Draw, so, 'tis well, and next cut off my head.

*Ham.* What meanes your Lordship?

*Aub.* 'Tis fir the Dukes pleasure:  
My innocence hath made me dangerous,  
And I must be remov'd, and you the man  
Must act his will.

*Ham.* I'll be a traytor first, before I serve it thus.

*Aub.* It must be done,

And that you may not doubt it, there's your warrant;  
But as you read, remember *Hamond*, that  
I never wrong'd one of your brave profession;  
And, though it bee not manly, I must grieve  
That man of whose love I was most ambitious  
Could find no object of his hate but me?

*Ham.* It is no time to talke now, honor'd Sir,  
Be pleas'd to heare thy servant, I am wrong'd,  
And cannot, being now to serve the Duke,  
Stay to expresse the manner how; but if  
I doe not suddenly give you strong proofes,  
Your life is dearer to me than my owne,  
May I live base, and dye so: Sir your pardon. *Exit Hamond.*

*Aub.* I am both waies ruin'd, both waies mark't for slaughter  
On every side, about, behinde, before me,  
My certaine fate is fix't: were I a knave now,  
I could avoid this: had my actions  
But meere relations to their owne ends, I could scape now;  
Oh honesty! thou elder child of vertue,  
Thou seed of heaven, why to acquire thy goodnesse  
Should malice and distrust sticke thornes before us,  
And make us swim unto thee, hung with hazards?  
But heaven is got by suffering, not disputing;  
Say he knew this before hand, where am I then?  
Or say he do's not know it, where's my Loyalty?



## *The bloody Brother.*

I know his nature, troubled as the Sea,  
And as the Sea devouring when he's vex'd,  
And I know Princes are their own expounders!  
Am I afraid of death? of dying nobly?  
Of dying in mine innocence uprightly?  
Have I met death in all his formes, and feares,  
Now on the points of swords, now pitch'd on lances?  
In fires, and stormes of arrows, battels, breaches,  
And shall I now shrink frō him, when he courts me  
Smiling and full of Sanctity? I'll meet him;  
My loyall hand and heart shall give this to him,  
And though it beare beyond what Poets feigne  
A punishment, duery shall meet that paine;  
And my most constant heart to do him good,  
Shall check at neither pale affright, nor bloud.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Messen.* The Dutchesse presently would crave your presence.

*Aubrey.* I come; and *Aubrey* now resolve to keep  
Thy honor living, though thy body sleep. *Exit.*

## ACT. V. SCÆ. II.

*Enter Edith, a Boy, and a Banquet set out.*

*Edith.* Now for a Fathers murder, and thy ruine,  
All chastity shall suffer if he raigne;  
Thou blessed soule, look down, and Steele thy daughter;  
Look on the sacrifice she comes to send thee,  
And through the bloody cloud behold my piety,  
Take from my cold heart feare, from my sex pittie,  
And as I wipe theses teares off, shed for thee,  
So all remembrance may I loose of mercy;  
Give me a womans anger bent to bloud,  
The wildnesse of the winds to drown his prayers,  
Storme like may my destruction fall upon him,  
My rage like roving billowes as they rise,  
Powr'd on his soule to sinke it, give me flattery,  
(For yet my constant soule neer knew dissembling.

*Flattery*



## **The Bloody Brother.**

Flattery the food of Fooles, that I may rocke him  
And lull him in the Downe of his desires;  
That in the height of all his hopes and wishes,  
His heaven forgot, and all his lusts upon him,  
My hand, like thunder from a cloud, may seize him.  
I heare him come, go boy, and entertaine him.

**Enter Rollo.**

### **Song.**

*Take, Oh take those lips away  
that so sweetly were forsworne,  
And those eyes, like breake of day,  
lights that doe misleade the Morne,  
But my kisses being againe,  
Seales of love, though seal'd in vaine.*

*Hide, Oh hide those hils of Snow,  
which thy frozen blossome beares,  
On whose tops the Pincks that grow  
are of those that April weares.  
But first set my poore heart free,  
bound in those Ioy chaines by thee.*

**Rol.** What bright star, taking beauties forme upon her,  
In all the happy lustre of heavens glory,  
Ha's drop'd downe from the Skye to comfort me?  
Wonder of Nature, let it not prophane thee  
My rude hand touch thy beauty, nor this kisse;  
The gentle sacrifice of love and service  
Be offer'd to the honor of thy sweetnesse

**Edith.** My gracious Lord, no diety dwells here,  
Nor nothing of that vertue, but obedience,  
The servant to your will affects no flattery.

**Rollo.** Can it be flattery to sweare those eyes  
Are loves eternall lamps he fires all hearts with?  
That tongue the smart string to his bow? those sighes  
The deadly shafts he sends into our soles?

**Oh**



*The bloody Brother.*

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**Oh, looke upon me with thy spring of beauty.**

**Ed.** Your grace is full of game.

**Rollo.** By heaven, my *Edith*,

Thy mother fed on Roses when she bred thee.

**Ed.** And thine on brambles that have prick'd her heart out.

**Rollo.** The sweetnesse of the Arabian winde still blowing

Upon the treasures of perfumes and spices,

In all their pride and pleasures call thee *Mistress*.

**Ed.** Will't please you sit fir?

**Rol.** So you please sit by me.

Faire gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee,

The excellency that appears upon thee

Tyes up my tongue: pray speak to me.

**Ed.** Of what fir?

**Rol.** Of any thing, any thing is excellent;

Will you take my directions? speake of love then;

Speake of thy faire selfe *Edith*; and while thou speak'st,

Let me, thus languishing, give up my selfe wench.

**Ed.** H'as a strange cunning tongue, why doe you sigh fir?

How masterly he turnes himselfe to catch me?

**Rol.** The way to Paradise, my gentle maide,

Is hard and crooked, scarce Repentance finding,

With all her holy helps, the dore to enter.

Give me thy hand, what dost thou feele?

**Ed.** Your teares fir.

You weepe extreemly; strengthen me now justice,

Why are these sorrowes fir?

**Rol.** Thou't never love me

If I should tell thee, yet there's no way left

Ever to purchase this blest Paradise,

But swimming thither in these teares.

**Ed.** I stagger.

**Rol.** Are they not drops of blood?

**Ed.** No.

**Rol.** Th'are for blood then

For guiltlesse blood, and they must drop, my *Edith*,

They must thus drop, till I have drown'd my mischiefs.



## *The bloody Brother.*

*Ed.* If this be true, I have no strength to touch him.

*Rol.* I prethee looke upon me, turne not from me;  
Alas I doe confesse I'me made of mischief,  
Begot with all mans miseries upon me;  
But see my sorrowes, made, and doe not thou,  
Whose only sweetest sacrifice is softnesse,  
Whose true condition, tenderesse of nature.

*Ed.* My anger melts, Oh, I shall lose my justice.

*Rol.* Do not thou learne to kill with cruelty,  
As I have done to murther with thy eyes,  
(Those blessed eyes) as I have done with malice,  
When thou hast wounded me to death with scorne,  
(As I deserve it Lady) for my true love,  
When thou hast loaden me with earth for ever,  
Take heed my sorrowes, and the stings I suffer;  
Take heed my nightly dreames of death and horroir  
Persue thee not; no time shall tell thy griefes then,  
Nor shall an houre of joy adde to thy beauties.  
Looke not upon one as I kill'd thy father,  
As I was smear'd in blood, do not thou hate me,  
But thus in whitenesse of my wash't repentance,  
In my hearts teares and truth of love to *Edub*,  
In my faire life hereafter.

*Ed.* He will foole me.

*Rol.* Oh with thine angell eyes behold and close me,  
Of heaven we call for mercy and obtaine it;  
To Justice for our right on earth and have it;  
Of thee I beg for love, save me, and give it.

*Ed.* Now heaven thy helpe, or I am gone for ever,  
His tongue ha's turn'd me into melting pity.

*Enter Hamond and Guard.*

*Ham.* Keepe the doores safe, and upon paine of death  
Let no man enter till I give the word.

*Guard.* We shall sir.

*Exeunt.*

*Ham.* Here he is in all his pleasure, I have my wish

*Rol.* How now? why dost thou stare so?

*Ed.* A helpe, I hope.

*Rol.*



## *The bloody Brother.*

*Rol.* What dost thou here? who sent thee?

*Ham.* My brother, and the base malicious Office  
Thou mad'st me doe to *Ambrey*, pray.

*Rol.* Pray?

*Ham.* Pray; pray if thou canst pray, I shall kill thy soule  
Pray suddenly. (else,

*Rol.* Thou canst not be so trayterous.

*Ham.* It is a Justice; stay Lady;  
For I perceive your end; a womans hand  
Must not rob me of vengeance.

*Ed.* 'Tis my glory.

*Ham.* 'Tis mine, stay, and share with me; by the gods, *Rollo*,  
There is no way to save thy life.

*Rol.* No?

*Ham.* No, it is so monstrous, no repentance cures it.

*Rol.* Why then thou shalt kill her first, and what this blood  
Will cast upon thy cursed head.

*Ham.* Poore Guard sir.

*Ed.* Spare not brave Captaine.

*Rol.* Feare, or the divell ha's thee.

*Ham.* Such feare sir as you gave your honor'd mother,  
When your most vertuous brother, sheild like, held her;  
Such I'll give you, put her away.

*Rol.* I will not, I will not die so tamely. (thee.

*Ham.* Murtherous villaine, wilt thou draw seas of blood upon

*Ed.* Feare not, kill him good Captaine, any way dispatch  
Him, my body's honor'd with that sword that through me,  
Sends his blacke soule to hell: Oh, but for one hand.

*Ham.* Shake him off bravely.

*Ed.* He's too strong, strike him.

*Ham.* Oh, am I with you Sir? now keepe you from him,  
What ha's he got a knife

*Ed.* Look to him Captaine, for now he will be mischievous.

*Ham.* Do you smile Sir?

Do's it so tickle you? have at you once more.

*Ed.* Oh bravely thrust; take heed he come not in Sir;

To him againe, you give him too much respite.

*Rollo.*



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*The bloody Brother.*

*Rol.* Yet will you save my life, and I'll forgive thee.  
And give thee all, all honors, all advancements,  
Call thee my friend.

*Ed.* Strike, strike, and heare him not,  
His tongue will tempt a Saint.

*Rol.* Oh, for my soules sake.

*Ed.* Save nothing of him.

*Ham.* Now for y our farewell,  
Are you so warry? take you that.

*Rol.* Thou, that too;  
Oh thou hast kil'd me basely, basely, basely. (*Dyers*

*Ed.* The just reward of murther falls upon thee.  
How doe you Sir? ha's he not hurt you?

*Ham.* No, I feele not any thing.

*Aub.* I charge you let us passe. *within.*

*Guard.* You cannot yett sit.

*Aub.* I'll make way then.

*Guar.* We are sworne to our Captaine, and till he give the word.

*Enter Sophia, Matilda, Aubrey, Lords and attendants.*

*Ham.* Now let them in there.

*Sop.* Oh, here he lies,  
Sorrow on sorrow seeks me, Oh, in his blood he lyes,

*Aub.* Had you spoke sooner  
This might have beene prevented;  
Take the Dutchesse,

And leade her off, this is no sight for her eyes

*Mat.* Oh, bravely done wench.

*Ed.* There stands the noble doer.

*Mat.* My honor ever seeke thee for thy justice,  
Oh 'twas a deed of high and brave adventure,  
A justice even for heaven to envy at,  
Farewell my sorrowes, and my teares take truce,  
My wishes are commended: Oh bloody Brother,  
Till this houre never beauteous; till thy life,  
Like a full sacrifice for all thy misdoings,  
Flow'd from thee in these rivers, never righteous:  
Oh how my eyes are quicke with their joyes now?

*My.*



## *The bloody Brother.*

My longing heart even leaping out for lightnesse,  
But dye thy black sins with thee, I forgive thee.

*Aub.* Who did this deed?

*Ham.* I, and I'll answer it.

*Edi.* He faints, oh that same cursed knife has kil'd him.

*Aub.* How?

*Ed.* He snatch'd it from my hand, for whom I bore it,  
And as they grapell'd.

*Aub.* Justice is ever equall,  
Had it not been on him, th'adst dy'd too honest.  
Did you know of his death?

*Ed.* Yes, and rejoyce in't.

*Aub.* I'me sory for your youth then; though the strictnesse  
Of Law shall not fall on you, that of life  
Must presently, go to a Cloyster, carry her,  
And there for ever lead your life in penitence.

*Ed.* Best Father to my soule, I give you thanks, sir,  
And now my faire revenges have their ends,  
My vowes shall be my kin, my prayers my friends.

*Enter Latorche, and Jugglers.*

*Lat.* Stay there, I'll step in and prepare the Duke.

*Nor.* We shall have brave rewards?

*Fis.* That is without question.

*Lat.* By this time wher's my huffing friend Lord *Aubrey*?  
Where's that good Gentleman? oh, I could laugh now,  
And burst my selfe with meere imagination;  
A wise man, and a valiant man, a just man;  
To suffer himselfe be juggl'd out of the world,  
By a number of poor Gipseys? farewell Swash-buckler,  
For I know thy mouth is cold enough by this time;  
A hundred of ye I can shave as neatly,  
And nere draw bloud in shew: now shall my honor,  
My power and vertue walke alone: my pleasure  
Observ'd by all, all knees bend to my worship,  
All suites to me as Saint of all their fortunes,  
Prefer'd and crowded too, what full place of credit,  
And what place now? your Lordship? no, tis common,



## The bloody Brother.

But that I'll thinke to morrow on, now for my businesse.

*Aub.* Whose there?

*Lat.* Dead, my Master dead? *Aubrey* alive too?

*Guard.* *Latorche*, Sir.

*Aub.* Seize his body.

*Lat.* My Master dead?

*Aub.* And you within this halfe houre;  
Prepare your selfe good devill, you must to it,  
Millions of gold shall not redeeme thy mischiete,  
Behold the Justice of thy practice, villaine;  
The masse of murthers thou hast drawn upon us:  
Behold thy doctrine; you look now for reward, sir,  
To be advanc'd, I'm sure, for all your labours?  
And you shall have it, make his gallows higher  
By ten foot at the least, and then advance him.

*Lat.* Mercy, mercy.

*Aub.* 'Tis too late foole,  
Such as you ment for mee, away with him. *He is led out.*  
What gaping knaves are these, bring'em in fellows,  
Now, what are you?

*Nor.* Mathematicians if it please your Lordship.

*Aub.* And you drew a figure?

*Fis.* We have drawn many.

*Aub.* For the Duke, I meane; sir *Latorches* knaves you are.

*Nor.* We know the Gentleman.

*Aub.* What did he promise you?

*Nor.* We are paid already.

*Aub.* But I will see you better paid, go whip them.

*Nor.* We do beseech your Lordship, we were hyr'd.

*Aub.* I know you were, and you shall have your hyre;  
Whip'em extremely, whip that Doctor there,  
Till he record himselfe a Rogue.

*Nor.* I am one, Sir.

*Aub.* Whip him for being one, and when th'are whip'd,  
Lead'em to the gallows to see their patron hang'd;  
Away with them.

*Nor.* Ah, good my Lord.

*They are lead out.*

*Aub.*



## *The bloody Brother.*

*Aub.* Now to mine own right, Gentlemen.

*Lord 1.* You have the next indeed, we all confesse it,  
And here stand ready to invest you with it.

*Lord 2.* Which to make stronger to you, and the surer,  
Then bloud or mischiefes dare infringe againe,  
Behold this Lady, Sir, this noble Lady,  
Full of the bloud as you are, of that neerenesse,  
How blessed would it be?

*Aub.* I apprehend you, and so the faire *Matilda* dare accept  
Me her ever constant servant.

*Mit.* In all purenesse,  
In all humility of heart and services,  
To the most noble *Aubrey*, I submit me.

*Aub.* Then this is our first tye, now to our businesse.

*Lord 1.* We are ready all to put the honor on you, Sir.

*Aub.* These sad rights must be done first, take up the bodyes,  
This, as he was a Prince, so Princely funerall  
Shall waite upon him: on this honest Captaine,  
The decency of armes; a teare for him too.

*So, sadly on, and as we view his blood,  
May his Example in our Rule raise good.*

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**FINIS.**

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